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INTRIGUE.

BY HUMFREY JORDAN.

THE meadows sloping gently from the covert to the little river were such as only, in the broad world, the West of England can produce. They were not part of a view of any spectacular beauty; there was no feature in them to attract the attention of a hurried tourist; wildness and grandeur passed them by. They were simply a group of five irregular-shaped enclosures of grass, bounded with carefully tended hedges, dotted here and there with oaks and chestnuts, lying between a small wood on the top of a small hill and a placid stream that was only locally recognised as a river. The wood sheltered them from north and east; the voice of water murmuring over shallows spoke in them eternally; the sun shining there caressed them softly. In their seasons daffodils and bluebells and foxgloves would stray into the upper meadows from the wood, while below, where sedge grass grew in tufts, kingcups, irises, and willow-weed splashed the green pasture. Peace, unhurried and abiding, an immemorial tranquillity, were wedded to them. So that the thoughts of the men and women who had explored their delights as children would go back there continually. When memory brought them home from other lands they would very often forget the greater beauties of England and wander in those quiet fields again.

The meadows were a part, a considerable part, of the estate of the Fordings, whose house was sheltered by the west end of the wood. The Fordings, of Inch, followed a tradition of going abroad to do their work in life and of retiring when it was done—if luck were with them—to Inch, to hunt and to breed hunters in a small way. Under normal circumstances there should be a Fording in possession at the old house by the meadows and at least one other male Fording in some distant land ready to return and take up his inheritance when the time should arrive. Also there should be small Fordings at Inch undergoing education and learning to love their home. A simple, quiet tradition with which, inevitably, the

war had somewhat interfered. But insane slaughter had stopped short of breaking the tradition. A Colonel Fording possessed Inch, a Major Fording, his brother, occupied himself with teak in Siam, and there was a small male Fording, aged three, who had been born in the East but was learning to find his way, when opportunity offered, from the gardens to the meadows between the covert and the river. For in these meadows the hunters ran in summer and the brood mares and the young stock lived. So they were enthralling, compelling, and strictly forbidden to small boys without escort.

Consequently when one June Sunday afternoon Colonel Fording, escorting a party of friends to see the horses, discovered the last hope of his house endeavouring to pick up, in blacksmith fashion, the legs of a two-year-old blood filly, bitter things were said to a careless nurse, but a young animal earned a reputation for gentleness which throughout her career she never lost.

The two-year-old filly, which had obligingly and gently raised her legs in response to the feeble tugging of the small Richard Fording, was called Intrigue, by Philanderer out of Moonlight; in colour she was dark chestnut, like burnished bronze; in form she had the slender shapeliness that pure blood alone can give. Even at the beginning of her third year, when her hocks appeared large and rough, her knees huge, and her legs too long, she threatened beauty. The first sight of her child's head, with its snaky fineness and its delicacy of muzzle, would have induced an animal painter to get out his pencil.

'Unless,' Colonel Fording would declare, when he showed her off with pride, 'she comes to grief—and God knows these young things are such fools they are always doing something to themselves: it's a marvel they ever survive—but unless she comes to grief, she'll be the best one we've ever bred here. Look how she is put together. Philanderer's stock always have stamina; and old Moonlight over there was sired by Merriment, which is jumping blood if there ever was any. I tell you I expect something of Intrigue. See those quarters . . .'

And unless he were talking to someone equally interested in the breeding of horses he would bore his audience with a wealth of equine detail. But Intrigue grew in beauty and accomplishment; and no one who knew anything about a horse could find a real fault in her.

From the day she was foaled in the farthest top meadow under the lee of the wood, where old Moonlight had prepared her childbed

two or three days before the event, Intrigue had neither fear nor suspicion of man. She allowed herself to be handled without the slightest protest. She never objected to a halter; and seemed to find being led by a rope excellent good fun. When the time came for her to be mouthed she took the bit between her jaws without any fuss and played with it contentedly. She never lifted a leg, she never struck, even playfully; her feet were trimmed and her child's cuts and scratches were dressed without trouble. Although she would put in her daily exercise by flying wildly round the meadow, bucking and kicking and jumping with a perfect abandonment of healthy vigour, when any of her human friends called to her she would gallop wildly towards them, slow down at a respectable distance, trot sedately up, and raise a soft nose to their faces, puffing warm, sweet-smelling breath at them, questioning their intentions with a bright brown eye.

In the winter of her third year, before she had ever been backed, she taught herself to jump. It was on a February morning when the night frost had vanished before a pale, clear sun and sleeping twigs were warmed almost to the colour of budding life. Hounds met at Inch and drew the wood. Intrigue had been put in one of the water meadows with her mother as company, for Moonlight on account of her years and much child-bearing would behave discreetly when hounds opened in full cry and the horn was sounded. From the moment she smelt these strange dogs on their arrival at the house, Intrigue was very excited; she trotted round her meadow with head up and tail far out. Moonlight, somewhat protestingly, for she was sedately interested herself, had to call to her daughter repeatedly. The whimper of hounds speaking to scent in covert, but not owning a line, disturbed Intrigue mightily; she began to puff and blow and snort. The outbreak of a sudden eager chorus of the strange dogs' voices, the summoning notes of the horn, turned her into a statue of expectancy. Horses with men and women on their backs came galloping from the direction of the house, along the edge of the wood; many of them did not stop while the gates were opened, but going free and strong and eager, leaped the fences as they came to them. Moonlight, herself interested, but soberly, called sharply to her daughter. Intrigue took no notice; with nostrils wide and eyes alight she stood and stared at the creatures of her race who made nothing of the barriers which she had imagined impassable. Then she screamed shrilly, and obeyed the instinct in her. She fled towards the galloping horses, stretching herself in very excellent fashion over a respectable

sized quick-set hedge with a ditch the other side. Colonel Fording saw the performance with anguish ; and he was out of a good hunt on account of rounding up the filly and restoring her to her mother's charge. But, as he told his only daughter that evening, to know that Intrigue could jump like that was something, although he had never doubted it. Later he qualified this statement, saying that he wished she had kept her jumping until a bit later, as there wasn't a fence on the place that would keep her in if she wanted to get out. Fortunately she did not often want to get out, or at any rate not farther than the next meadow ; but both Colonel Fording and his daughter declared that they dreamed at nights that the filly had got off the place and on to a main road and had come down on the tar and blemished herself. The coming of summer growth in hedgerow and ditch, which made the fences too formidable for even the eagerness of young creatures who had learned the trick of jumping, was welcomed by both father and daughter with relief.

'But Heaven send, Peggy,' Colonel Fording said, for he fussed about his horses, 'that she doesn't find out yet that gates are just as easy to get over as fences.'

And Peggy Fording laughed.

'You're an awful man for meeting the devil half-way,' she told her parent. 'But I hope Intrigue does take a fancy to them later. I should like to ride a really good gate-jumper. I should feel so brave and independent.'

Intrigue was backed for the first time by Peggy Fording. The event took place a week or two after her third birthday ; and the people who watched it said that it was marvellous. The young mare made no more fuss about having the girl on her back than a trained hack would at being mounted. For a moment or two she seemed puzzled as to the meaning of the business. But when the girl told her father and a groom to let go her head she walked away quietly, seeming slightly astonished when the lesson ended and she was relieved of her burden after going only a few yards. At the end of a fortnight Colonel Fording, refusing to trust anyone else, rode Intrigue to the forge. She passed a car on the road, giving it a good deal of attention but doing nothing wrong ; and she had shoes on her feet without any attempt at rebellion. Thereafter she came into the stables for an hour or two before and after her lessons, but ran free in the meadows at night.

Before that summer ended the head groom sighed over her.

'That there mare, Intrigue, Miss Peggy,' he said, not daring to

voice his fears to his master, 'is too good to be true, so 'er be. She's never give no sort of trouble, bar the jumping out. She's quieter nor most lambs in her box. You goes down into the paddock and whistles to 'er and she comes to you and lets you put on the 'alter so easy as nothing. Sweet tempered, that's what she is. I reckon it can't go on always with a blood 'un like that. She'll give trouble some day.'

That night at dinner Peggy Fording told her father.

'Old Brett,' she said, 'thinks Intrigue too good to be true. He thinks she's bound to give trouble some day.'

'William Brett,' Colonel Fording announced with decision, 'has the singular virtue in a groom of doing exactly what he is told, and he loves animals. But he always has been and always will be a fool. He knows it. I tell him so at least once a week. Intrigue hasn't a lazy bone in her body. She is dead keen. Naturally she will want careful riding at first. Trouble! Rubbish.'

'She's very sensitive,' Peggy agreed, with considerable seriousness. 'If you laugh at her, she feels it. I'm longing for the time when I can hunt her.'

But, as a matter of fact, that time never came.

All that winter Intrigue was carefully hacked and schooled, but she never went near hounds and was only ridden by Colonel Fording, Peggy, and Brett. For months she never saw the pleasant meadows where she had spent her childhood, except when she occasionally crossed them exercising. On those occasions she never forgot to call cheerfully to her mother, who not infrequently omitted to return the greeting. She was housed in a large, airy box, where she could hang her head over the half door and observe the life and movement of the yard. Hunting days aroused her interest. Quite soon she appeared to recognise that when Colonel Fording and Peggy wore hunting kit she need not expect their return for a long time. But she always gave them a loud welcome back before they walked their horses into the yard; and, unlike old Moonlight, they never failed to return her greeting. During that winter she furnished considerably and lost all trace of legginess. She measured just over sixteen hands, and might well grow another inch; she had plenty of bone and even in her adolescence plenty of substance; beauty and manners she had always had. Although on an average, taking into consideration four hunting days a week, when they were out most of the daylight hours, Colonel Fording and Peggy must have spent half an hour a day with her, admiring and praising,

Intrigue also received much attention from other people. Before the time came for her to go back to the meadows at night, five people had attempted to buy her, four of them repeatedly. The fifth was a stranger to the country, who seeing her at exercise stopped his car and asked, diffidently, whether she were for sale. Being told that she was not, he showed no surprise.

'I didn't really expect that there would be anything doing,' he apologised. 'Because I know that if she were mine I'd refuse a fortune for her.'

But, as he hacked on, Colonel Fording showed no resentment at having been stopped.

'Seemed a sensible sort of fellow that, Peggy,' he stated.

'Quite,' his daughter agreed. 'I should say he knew a bit about a horse too.'

Since a break in their schooling is bad for young horses, Intrigue was kept in easy work all that next summer. She came in from the meadows early, did her exercise, remained in her box during the heat of the day, and went back to grass in the afternoon. The programme had her approval. When she was fetched from the meadows about six o'clock, generally by Colonel Fording or his daughter, she would come to her call eagerly; when her halter was slipped from her head in the afternoon she would rejoice in her regained freedom with the abandonment of a foal. Old Brett declared to his two assistants that in fifty years of looking after horses he had never seen anything like the mare. It was uncanny, he insisted. He was prepared to bet a week's wages that he or the master or Miss Peggy could go to the meadow in the middle of the night and call, and Intrigue would come up quietly and do her exercise in the dark as sensibly and willingly as she would by day. She was, he repeated, too good to be true. Something had got to happen wrong some day.

But neither Colonel Fording nor Peggy had any patience with such superstitious pessimism. Indeed, about eight o'clock one June morning, soon after Intrigue's fourth birthday, they pronounced a very different judgment on her. They pulled up from a canter; and while Colonel Fording opened a gate Peggy patted Intrigue's warm neck. Below them were the pleasant meadows with the house beyond; the freshness of early morning was still in the air; and the sun sparkled on young leaves. The girl sighed at the pleasure of living.

'My darling,' she told the mare, 'you're perfect. Mouth,

manners, paces, and a heart that makes you want to go! I don't believe that you ever could do anything wrong or foolish.'

And Colonel Fording, holding the gate open while his daughter and Intrigue passed through, unsuccessfully endeavoured to hide his pride in the mare which he had bred.

'If I didn't loathe showing,' he announced, 'I might collect a few cups with Intrigue. I fancy that with proper riding she'll make a hunter that will take some beating.'

Peggy's eyes shone and she leaned forward in the saddle and stroked one of Intrigue's ears.

'The thought of showing her hounds for the first time almost makes me wish the summer was over,' she declared. 'I may be the first to show them to her, mayn't I?'

Her father agreed that she should be; but fate had other views upon the matter. Peggy Fording married that September and went immediately to India with her husband. So Colonel Fording rode Intrigue when she was introduced to hounds out cubbing. She was extremely excited but stood firm by her manners. On that day of introduction, against her rider's intention, the pack passed her in a narrow lane where there was no getting out of the way. She trembled slightly as dogs surrounded her and brushed against her; but she did not move or attempt to lift a leg. That night at dinner Colonel Fording missed his daughter more than usual; he would have liked to discuss the incident with her at length. But he wrote to her fully, and found himself wondering how long it would be before his brother's small son would be old enough to take an intelligent interest in matters of serious importance.

Throughout that hunting season Intrigue saw hounds frequently; sometimes she was allowed to jump fences in the wake, far in the wake of them; but she was never put into a hunt and asked to go. She was very eager; in unskilled hands she might easily have lost her head; but she never looked like refusing any fence with which she was faced, and her mouth was almost too light for ordinary hands. But at the end of the season, when she went out to summer in the meadows like an adult hunter, Colonel Fording declared himself satisfied with the mare.

'She's flippant,' he told Brett, 'and, of course, she's hot because she's young and keen. But she's got a lovely mouth, perfect manners, and not a trace of vice. I'm not saying that a fool couldn't ruin her very quickly. But take her slow all next season. Teach her to settle down to her work, to keep her energy for the end of the

run. She's inclined to try to throw it away at the start, like most keen young ones. Then, the season after next they'll come down from the Shires on their knees and pray for her.'

But there again Colonel Fording was wrong in his forecast of the future. He sold Intrigue locally at the end of that summer.

'Don't think me a madman or a brute,' he wrote to his daughter, 'but I have sold Intrigue. She goes to-morrow, and I'm feeling absolutely miserable about it. But what can I do? I'm fairly snowed under with horses. I've a stud of young stuff here that keeps me busy enough. I simply can't do with more than two made hunters. Wildfire and Beggar's Gold are still far too young to finish, and after the seasons they've carried me faithfully I'd shoot myself rather than sell them. So there it is, my dear. I happen to be an elderly gent whose only occupation in life is breeding and making hunters. So, since I refuse to be without an occupation, I must part with them as they come on. If the war hadn't killed Bob, and if you hadn't found a decent fellow to be a wife to—at one time I feared you were going to be a fool and put sentimental nonsense about me in the way—I should have made over Intrigue to one or other of you—on trust, as it were. Given my children the responsibility of looking after the best and sweetest-tempered mare I've ever bred or ever will. As it is, I'm selling her, damn it! Tony Rolton has given me two hundred and fifty for her. She's worth every penny of that, if properly handled. His girl Rachel is going to hunt Intrigue here. It's a good home. If she doesn't suit them she is to come back to me. And Rachel isn't a fool on a horse either. Perhaps I'm hypercritical, but I'm not sure that she doesn't think too much of her reputation for going in the front of the hunt to ride young stuff. However, I've warned her already; and I shall again. She's got a wonderful mare. Every time she rides her this coming season she's damn well got to put Intrigue and what is good for her first. But Tony will drive that into her; and she isn't a fool, only inclined to be thoughtless about riding her horses.

'Peggy, my dear, I'm feeling rotten about Intrigue to-night. If you write that you think I ought not to have sold her—and I almost hope you will—I'll buy her back if it costs me a fortune. I said good-night to her just now, and I dared not look her in the face!'

The morning after Colonel Fording had written that letter, old Brett rode Intrigue over to the Roltons; and when he got

back, after leaving the mare behind, his two assistants had the sense to keep as much as possible out of his way, knowing that the old man would be in a difficult mood. In the afternoon Colonel Fording also rode to the Roltons, where he was greeted by the daughter of the house.

'Dad and mother are out,' the girl informed him, 'but I don't suppose you came to see them. I imagine you want to see my beautiful Intrigue.'

'Then you're wrong, Rachel,' Colonel Fording answered. 'I would much rather not see her. What I'm here for is to see you.'

And while he had tea he lectured the girl at some length.

'Remember,' he finished, 'that you've the making or spoiling of a youngster in your hands. It's an infernally easy thing to spoil them. If at any time next season you ask her to take you to the top of the hunt she'll probably do it. But as like as not you'll ruin her if you do. Think of her, not yourself. Potter along behind until she knows the game and has learned hunting sense.'

Rachel Rolton listened to him politely and agreed with all he said; but at dinner that night she took up a different attitude.

'Colonel Fording was over this afternoon,' she told her parents, 'and he talked to me for an hour about the way to ride Intrigue. Of course he's an old dear, and I know he's easily the best horseman in this country. But he does fuss about his horses. And he's not the only person in the hunt who knows how to make youngsters.'

Intrigue was cubbed by her new mistress five times before the season opened, and although she only pottered round she never put a foot wrong and retained her manners even when excited. Rachel Rolton believed that she had got a hunter that would keep her in the front of any run. She had a vision of herself winning point-to-point races. She kept her vision to herself; but she was enthusiastic about the mare and liked to pet her in her box and listen to the grooms' praises of her beauty and her stable manners. At the opening meet she rode Intrigue, and fully expected all the compliments which were paid her on the mare's appearance. She saw Colonel Fording for a moment only before hounds moved off to draw; and, as she had expected, he fussed.

'Intrigue, old lady,' her breeder declared, 'you're looking fit to jump out of your skin. Remember what I told you, Rachel. Potter along behind.'

The girl thought his manner too fatherly; but she smiled pleasantly and moved off with a murmured reply.

There was a big crowd out ; and although Intrigue gave no real trouble she was obviously working up excitement. So Rachel Rolton took her away from the crowd and waited at a corner of the covert where there were only half a dozen other riders. She did not really think that the fox would break on that side, as he would have to run up wind ; but if he did he would be heading for the best line of country the hunt had to offer. Intrigue stood very quietly, but she was trembling slightly and her nostrils were wide. Then a little red creature, bright-eyed, alert, composed, stole out of covert, took unhurried stock of the few riders, and galloped away. As he went hounds opened in full cry from the wood behind him. At sight of the pack streaming into the open, racing with outstretched noses, Intrigue trembled violently, but she stood stock still, for the horses near her had not moved although there was the thudding of many hoofs round the corner. Then the huntsman, sounding invitation on his horn, followed his hounds, and the other horses started. The temptation was too much for Rachel Rolton. She could not bring herself to miss a start like that.

Intrigue got into her stride as quickly as a pony. Half-way across the first field she had caught up the few horses which had started ahead of her ; and she headed for a biggish fence with ears pricked forward. Approaching the fence, she felt the familiar restraint upon her mouth ; but her blood was up and she would not have it. She reached violently at her bit and went over hedge and ditch at racing pace. The field in which she landed sloped gently to a brook ; there were still four riders ahead of her, and Intrigue tried to race them. When she felt the restraint again upon her mouth she fought it, managing a magnificent sidelong kick without checking her stride and a screwing reach with her neck. She was given her head again at that and sailed over the brook all out. But she nearly came down on landing, having over-jumped herself in her eagerness. The horses ahead of her got away a bit there ; but up the gentle slope of a long hill Intrigue settled down to catch them up. She found that she had got rid of the restraint on her mouth, and she jumped five fences very fast but without any blundering. At the top of the hill she made a great effort to catch up a horse which was dead ahead of her fifty yards away. This horse and rider disappeared entirely from her sight on the other side of a hedge, and suddenly the restraint, this time urgent and severe, was put upon her mouth and her head was wrenched to the right. Without checking her stride she reared straight into the air, getting rid of

the pressure on her mouth. She made a bounding plunge to assure herself that her head was free ; swerved back to her original line ; and leaped the hedge where she had seen the other horse disappear. As she came over the fence she saw a man lying on the ground in front of her. She did not touch him, but she planted one of her hind legs within two inches of his head. However, she was chiefly concerned with his horse, which was going strong ahead and had gained a lot of ground on her ; so Intrigue lengthened her stride to overtake it. She passed it in the next field, and settled down to catch up the only two horses ahead. The restraint on her mouth was now generally relaxed, but she had learned that when it did come she could remove it by rebellion. Over an easy country, at her own pace, Intrigue completed what was afterwards pronounced to be the best fifty minutes hunt of several years. She and the two horses with whom she had ridden the last miles were the only ones who actually saw hounds mark their fox to ground.

Rachel Rolton petted Intrigue at the end of the run and praised her. She was pleased with the mare and said so ; but she was glad that no one but herself heard the idiotic remark which the huntsman made.

'I wonder, miss,' the absurd man said, 'what would have happened if that young mare of yours had taken it into her head to run through my hounds. But perhaps she's got more sense.'

Rachel Rolton ignored the fatuity. She took Intrigue quietly home, as she did not mean to give the mare too much work to start with. But as she turned homewards, and Intrigue walked off quietly away from the other horses, a very perfect-mannered youngster, certain feeble qualms in her disappeared. Of course the mare played up a bit in her eagerness, and her mouth was so light that you could not touch it, but it was simply absurd to imagine that she had not had her under control. That trifling blunder at the brook was certainly not due to her going too fast ; and the fact that she had jumped on General Hacking was his fault, not hers. The girl went home pleased with herself and with Intrigue, but distinctly annoyed with the huntsman.

The annoyance was reciprocated. Indeed the huntsman was angry and did not disguise it.

'Damned senseless, that's what I call it, Jim,' he said to his first whip as they jogged home with the mists of evening beginning to rise about them, and the air cold and raw. 'I wouldn't say but what that one hunt has ruined that mare. Letting a young one

race like that! The girl was a passenger from first to last. She'll make that mare impossible to ride, if she isn't careful.'

'Wicked is the word,' Jim, a confirmed pessimist but a judge of horse nature, answered. 'It'd take Colonel Fording himself the whole of this season to undo the harm that 'as been done to that Intrigue this day. Once again with Miss Rachel Rolton on her back finishes one of the best that's ever come from Inch.'

But the criticism of Intrigue's owner was not finished for that evening. While the girl was in her bath before getting ready for dinner her father answered the telephone, and was greeted by an angry voice.

'That you, Tony?' said the voice. 'Bill Hacking speaking. I've been waiting for an apology from your girl. Is it coming along?'

Sir Anthony Rolton was sensitive to any criticism of his daughter, and he did not like the tone of the inquiry.

'Steady, Bill,' he answered. 'Why should she apologise? You know as well as I do that there's bad luck in hunting as well as good.'

But the man who had lain upon the ground and watched a horse and rider swerve towards him, who had seen hoofs descending on his head, was not taking it that way.

'Luck!' he spluttered. 'Luck! It's a damned marvel I'm alive. She must have seen me go down. She had the whole width of the infernal country to jump in. But she swerved her horse and came dead on top of me. She can apologise or not as she pleases. But, if you can't teach her manners, for God's sake keep her out of the hunting field.'

'That's enough, Hacking,' Sir Anthony Rolton declared. 'I can only suppose that you must have been steadying your nerves with just one too many.'

He rang off abruptly and returned to his pipe and his newspaper. But he was too indignant to read.

That was the first friendship with which Intrigue interfered.

In spite of a personal appeal by Colonel Fording to her father, which was somewhat coldly received, Rachel Rolton hunted Intrigue again the following week. Going to the meet, in spite of the mare's beautiful manners, for she was on her toes the whole time, but as easily managed as a hireling slug, the girl told herself that she would really potter along behind that day, the country they would hunt over was trappy in places, and perhaps she had

put on too much pace the last time. Intrigue must be taught to go steady. But Intrigue had tasted excitement and she was greedy for it.

At the meet she was very hot. The sight of hounds made her sweat and fidget. Alongside covert, although she was kept well in the background, she would not keep still. It took twenty minutes or more to push a fox into the open, and during that time Intrigue's excitement worked itself up. When the rush after hounds began she tried to jump straight into her stride; and, being restrained, reared up very straight. Thereafter, fighting her bit, she approached the first fence by bounds, getting up when she could not get away. Not looking at it, she went through it badly. Then, hoping that she would steady down and jump as she knew how to jump, Rachel Rolton let her go. Intrigue rejoiced; but she was in a hurry to get by the crowd of horses in front of her. Going all out, fighting every attempt to steady her, she got over two more fences, chancing them badly. Then, racing at a big drop-land, she came on her head and turned a somersault. She got up immediately and followed the hunt. The girl who had been on her did not.

By the next mail Colonel Fording wrote a long letter to his daughter Peggy in India, the bulk of it, as was his habit, dealing with horses and hunting.

'I'm feeling very angry, my dear,' he wrote. 'In fact I haven't been so thoroughly out of temper for years, not since I was a hot-headed youth. Intrigue has been ruined, and Rachel Rolton is in hospital for ruining her. Pretty bad, they tell me. A leg, two ribs, and a collar-bone broken, and concussion. Naturally I'm very sorry for the girl; I hope that she makes a quick recovery and that the crash will not affect her nerves. But if anybody asked for trouble she did.

'She cubbed Intrigue quite sensibly several times, and the mare went beautifully. Hot, of course, but quite a woman's ride. Then at the opening meet, if you please, Rachel slammed her into the fastest fifty minutes we've had for years, and asked her to go to the front, which she did. I didn't see the performance, as I was riding Piper's Boy and had to keep quietly in the background, where Intrigue ought to have been. But they tell me Rachel simply raced from the start and found, what anyone but a fool would have known, that once she'd started racing the mare she couldn't do anything with her. We went across the little vale to Badger's

Thorns, so there was nothing to worry a youngster, except the brook. Intrigue took that—so Archie Booth tells me, and he was in it at the time and had a good view—faster than they go at Aintree. She over-jumped herself badly but managed, somehow, not to fall. After that it was plain sailing for her; but she jumped on Bill Hacking and gave him the shock of his life. I hear it's a miracle she did not kill him. Rachel tried to pull out to the right when Bill came down in front of her; but she was the completest sort of passenger by then as the mare was stark mad with excitement, and they missed Bill's head by an inch or two. As a result, for the girl never apologised, Bill Hacking and Tony Rolton don't say good morning when they meet.

'The day after that exhibition I went to Tony and asked him to let me have Intrigue back, to undo the harm that had been done. He got distinctly stuffy and refused. The following Wednesday we met at Belling Gorse, and Rachel was out on Intrigue again. I daren't give the child any advice for fear she would get angry; but we had a longish draw and I noticed that the mare was playing up a lot, and I thought Rachel looked a trifle scared. I was riding old Beggar's Gold and meant to have a day's fun. The fox headed for Croton across Peter Hill's farm. I didn't get the best of starts, but the old horse was on the top of his form and brought me past the ruck in three fields. I was just steadying him up for that drop-land below the farmhouse—you know the place. It's where I dislocated my shoulder two years ago, riding that black brute of a son of Grey Hen. I'll swear there is a drop of seven feet between the take-off and the land—when Intrigue came by me like an express train. I yelled at Rachel to stop the mare, or turn her if she couldn't stop. She did neither. It wasn't a pleasant moment, for, of course, one knew what would happen. Intrigue landed on her head and went right over; so far as I could see on top of Rachel. When we picked the poor girl up she looked like being dead.

'Tony Rolton rang me up that night—he'd been away somewhere all day—and started in to abuse me like a good 'un. Said I'd sold his daughter a mare that I was afraid to ride myself. Knowing how excitable he is and how much he thinks of Rachel, I let it go at that for the night. But when I got a letter from him next day, putting the charge in writing, accusing me of having known when I sold her that Intrigue was unrideable—Intrigue unrideable!—I went to see him. I told him that I was prepared to make every allowance for his state of mind, but that I really

couldn't take that sort of charge from anybody. He could return Intrigue to me and I would remake her, and when she was a made hunter he could, if he wished, buy her again at the same price. But he only repeated his accusation that I was the worst form of horse-coping scoundrel, and told me to go to hell. So I left him. That was a week ago now; and I hear he is going about telling everybody that I ought to be in prison. Of course we all know that Tony is just a bundle of nerves, and when excited not really responsible; but until he's ready to apologise we can't very well meet.

'But that's hardly the worst of it. Intrigue has been sold to a dealer in the Shires! Hardly the game, is it? There was an express understanding that I should have her back if she didn't suit Rachel. Now, not only does the girl do her best to ruin the mare by riding her without thought or judgment, but her fool of a father goes back on a bargain which ought to be binding on gentlemen.

'I tried the infernal dealer man. He won't part with Intrigue under four hundred; and I simply can't run to that. I went to the station the other day to see her off. You'll understand, my dear, that I hated to see her go out of the country. She was very glad to see me again. It does seem the worst sort of luck that the gentlest and kindest mare I've ever known should have been so mishandled that in the first month of her first season she should have injured somebody seriously and been the cause of an absurd rupture in two old friendships. For Bill Hacking is, if anything, more angry with Tony Rolton than I am.

'I am furious about the whole thing. But I do hope that Intrigue will pass into the hands of someone capable of appreciating her.'

That, however, did not happen for some considerable time.

Intrigue remained with the dealer in the Midlands for two months. There she saw a lot of hunting, but was never in a hunt. She was ridden only by a little wizened man, whose manner of handling she liked. He taught her not to excite herself when she saw hounds; and on her own, away from other horses, he persuaded her to steady herself at her fences. She did a great deal of work, but she did not get any corn to eat. Although she felt the change of diet, not having the same zest and eagerness, she was always willing; and her manners in the stable made her popular. The little wizened man petted her a lot and talked to her. They became good friends.

At the end of two months the dealer, Hoskin, watched her

carefully while she was put round his schooling ground, over half a dozen artificial jumps.

'She'll do, Mike,' he said to the little wizened man.

'Not yet, sir,' Mike replied firmly.

'Rubbish,' Hoskin answered, 'I've got a buyer for her. A horseman, not a tailor.'

Mike stroked Intrigue's nose, and she nuzzled against him.

'She's yours, sir,' he stated, 'not mine. But you pays me to ride 'em and to tell you the truth about 'em.'

'Well?' Hoskin asked.

'She ain't near forgot what that there blasted girl you told me about taught her,' the little man declared. 'She isn't near ready yet. She'd get wild again. If you told me to take her to the top of a hunt, as she is without any corn in her, I'd tell you I hadn't the nerve.'

The dealer smiled; but he was not pleased.

'I'm not going to ask you to,' he replied. 'I tell you she'll do.'

But Mike turned to Intrigue and patted her neck; then he made her stand so as to show herself to full advantage.

'Can you beat her?' he pleaded. 'Gentle too. It's only the heart of her that's too big. Give her a chance, sir. Let her learn the job properly. I could teach her in another two months. I'm scared she might kill herself one day else.'

Hoskin shook his head.

'I've heard enough of that, Mike,' he declared. 'She'll do. Take her in now.'

But as the little wizened man unsaddled her in her box, he fondled Intrigue and spoke to her softly.

'It's a blinkin' crime, that's what it is,' he told her. 'You ain't getting no fair chance at all. The Lord send you sense, my beauty, but He won't unless somebody teaches you.'

A week later Intrigue was sold to one of Hoskin's most valued customers. She went as a made hunter, because the man who bought her did not stipulate for a safe conveyance. She made friends quickly with her new master and his grooms; and she enjoyed having corn again. Twice Hoskin's valued customer had an excellent hunt on Intrigue, who was getting fit. He took a line of his own on each occasion across perfect hunting country, and did not have to interfere with her at all. The third time he hunted her Intrigue was fit, but the country was much wired. Being kept with other horses, she gave her mind to racing them, and she fought

any attempt at control. Although she had a good man up on her she lost her head completely ; went mad waiting at a gap ; jumped into wire and came down badly, tearing her forelegs and chest. The valued customer broke his collar-bone.

Two days later he went to see Hoskin ; and the dealer met him with solicitude.

'Sorry to hear that you had a misfortune with wire,' he began. 'That fine mare I sold you was badly cut too, I'm told.'

'Permanently blemished,' the valued customer told him. 'Look here, Hoskin. You've supplied me with horses for ten years, but that mare, Intrigue, is the last you'll ever sell me. You're a fool. You told me she was made. If you'd told me the truth, I should have bought her just the same, but I should have known in time how to ride her. Good day.'

He walked out of the yard ; and the little wizened man, Mike, said bitter things to his fellow-grooms about the folly of their employer.

Intrigue had added another broken acquaintanceship to her first season's bag. But she allowed her wounds to be dressed with such good temper that the grooms who dressed them were voluble in praise of her.

She did no more work that season ; and at the end she went to Tattersalls. The man who had been a valued customer of Hoskin's could not tolerate blemishes in his horses ; and Intrigue had unsightly scars on her forelegs and her chest. At Tattersalls, where rumours of a reputation went with her, she was bought for a good price by a young gentleman who believed that he could ride anything. She spent the summer at grass, pleasantly enough. She was cubbed once by the young gentleman, who then sold her to a friend, a M.F.H., as a whip's horse. Here Intrigue broke another brace of friendships : the first between the young gentleman, who had discovered in one lesson that he could not ride everything, and the M.F.H., the second between the M.F.H. and his whip. As the M.F.H. said, the type of man who lies to his friends is a nuisance. As the whip told his wife while she sat beside his bed in hospital, a master who confused hunt servants with horse-breakers wasn't the master for him.

But Intrigue's manners and her looks, in spite of the scars, prevented a man, who thought more of good-looking horses than he did of good-looking women, from selling her immediately. Besides his stud groom pleaded that the mare was so gentle and

sweet-tempered that something certainly could be made of her. So the M.F.H. put her into training as a steeplechaser. Intrigue obviously enjoyed the life. Once she had learned what regulation fences were she went over them without trouble; she knew what she had got to do and she did it as fast as she could. The stable, from her owner to the youngest lad, had high hopes of her, for she could jump and she was fast and she could stay. But she was loved as well as admired. When she was trained to a perfection of lean fitness, she was as gentle and kindly in her box as she had been when from the pleasant meadows at Inch she first came to have a roof over her head and walls about her. A baby, it was declared by her attendants, could sleep in Intrigue's box without harm; and a kitten that had lost one paw in a gin did, spending much of its day purring on a racer's back.

Intrigue won her first steeplechase; but there was lamentation in the stable on the night after the race. Before running she paraded the ring in the paddock sedately, mildly interested and seemingly slightly amused at the antics of some of her excited rivals. She stood as quietly as a farmer's cob while she was unrugged and saddled. Her little jockey was helped into his seat without Intrigue moving a foot. But in her gentle brown eye, in the poise of her slim head, in the carriage of her ears there was no want of keenness. Seeing her stripped, perfect mannered, quietly eager, several complete strangers to Intrigue left the ringside and did deals concerning her with bookmakers.

'I always distrust beauties,' one of these strangers declared, a man whose appearance suggested that horses were not his only interest, 'but I always fall to them as well.'

Cantering to the post, Intrigue looked as though a child could ride her; but the face of the little man on her back was set and grim. She lined up with her rivals, standing very still except for a slight trembling of her flanks. The first start was a false one; and the little jockey went a long way before he turned the mare and brought her back. Lining up the second time, she got up twice very high and took a lot of humouring. She got away badly, at least three lengths behind the other runners, but she had caught them and was leading the first of them by a couple of lengths over the first fence. Between the first and second fences she increased the distance between her and the next horse by about ten lengths. Fifty yards from the third fence, an open ditch, she threw her head in the air and changed her feet. The little man on her back seemed to catch hold of her with his slender legs and carry her over, but

she pecked on landing and was clearly unbalanced. In ten yards, however, she had settled down again and she doubled the distance between her and the next horse before she had covered half the course. Thereafter she continued to add to her lead, jumping beautifully, moving with a stride that looked effortless. A quarter of a mile from the finish she suddenly began to labour, rolling in her distress ; and the second horse came up on her as though she were standing still. The skill of the little man on her back and her own courage carried Intrigue over the last two fences ; but she passed the winning post, cantering, two lengths ahead of the second horse and with the rest of the runners not far behind. Her nostrils were wide and scarlet as she pulled up and walked back to the paddock, the sweat streamed from her, and her breath came in sobbing gasps.

After he had weighed out the little jockey came back to Intrigue, and eyed her sadly.

‘I’m sorry, sir,’ he said to the M.F.H. ; ‘I did my best with her.’

‘I saw you,’ the M.F.H. smiled. ‘But I thought you were going to break your neck at that first open ditch.’

‘So did I,’ the jockey told him. ‘I couldn’t have stopped her from breasting it if she hadn’t sort of answered my call at the last second.’

‘On pace and performance,’ her owner sighed, ‘she might win the National. Do you think that this may have taught her ? Do you think there is any chance that she may let herself be steadied now ?’

‘No, sir,’ the little man answered, ‘I don’t. But I’ll ride her again, if I may, and try.’

But that evening, when Intrigue was back in her own box again, playing with her food because, although her appetite had gone, the men who looked after her tried to make her eat and they were her friends, there was only one person who, either at the house or in the stables, opposed the general verdict. That one person was a stable boy who maintained that it was the false start that upset the mare. All the other people who wished well of Intrigue did not believe that. They believed that as she had run her first race so she would run all the others. She would never tolerate interference ; or if the man on her persisted in the business of restraining her, she would go wild and fall. Her limbs and her great stride, and her skill in jumping would keep her ahead of almost any field until her heart and her lungs gave out ; then, if the race were a long one, her high courage would keep her fighting on until she died in her stride.

Intrigue ran in two more steeplechases. Her second race she

won much as she had won the first. She gained such a lead in the first mile that the other runners could not quite catch her when she had cracked. But there was a difference in this race. The second horse fell at the last fence and Intrigue passed the post at a laboured trot. Her last race she did not finish. The little man on her back pulled her up a quarter of a mile from the finish, and slipped quickly from her back, easing her girths and chafing her ears. Even in her extreme distress Intrigue tried to thank him for his kindness by nuzzling at him.

'That finishes it,' the M.F.H. declared, when he met her as she walked in. 'If I raced her again I should be guilty of murder. But I'm damned if I know what to do with her. I don't breed, and I won't start on her account.'

'But what a heart, sir,' the jockey told him. 'I thought she was dying between my legs. Yet when she heard the others coming by her she tried to fight me as I pulled her up.'

After much consideration the M.F.H. sold Intrigue cheap to a friend who wanted to win a point-to-point, who also bred hunters. The arrangement was that Intrigue should be kept for breeding only, after she had run once more and that in a hunt race. She won that race very easily, going fast but well within herself when she had got two fields ahead and had the country to herself. The temptation to make money on the mare was too much for her new owner. He ignored the terms of his bargain with his friend the M.F.H., and sent Intrigue to Tattersalls, where she fetched three hundred guineas, which was two hundred more than he had given for her as a brood mare. A few days after the sale he received a letter:

'One is always interested to discover,' the M.F.H. wrote to him, 'the price which is put upon one's friendship. I learn from the papers, but not from you, that you value mine at two hundred guineas, as you have parted with it for that sum. I regret that the conditions on which I sold you the mare, Intrigue, were not put into writing, otherwise I should be in a position to prosecute you, which would give me considerable pleasure. Since my hounds are my own, I am able to inform you that, should you in the future persist in an attempt to hunt with them, I shall take them home.'

So, once again, Intrigue was the means of rupturing a friendship.

The man who bought Intrigue at Tattersalls for three hundred guineas was a person of considerable wealth, the bulk of which he had acquired himself. At the age of fifty-five he continued to make money because he had formed the habit, but he no longer gave to

the business of getting richer the whole of his attention. More trivial enjoyments occupied him. He took to living mainly in the country and interesting himself in agricultural pursuits, with an eye to entering Parliament as a rural member; and he began to take a more personal interest in the amusements of his daughters. The county of his choice was the county where Intrigue had been born. He bought an estate within eight miles of Inch, and the house was described by the agents who sold it to him as a typical show place of great historical interest. A man with a considerable knowledge of values, he recognised the description as not exaggerated, and he foresaw that the place would do him justice when, in due course, his services to agriculture brought him a peerage. Mr. Octavius Gilbaum—for he scorned knighthoods and was doubtful about a baronetcy—had owned Girdles, the show place of historical interest, for over a year when he bought Intrigue. He entertained largely and, being socially neither a fool nor an outrage, commanded reasonable respect and liking; so that, when Intrigue came back to her native county, only those people fond of repetition still stated that visiting Girdles without the Brierleys there, was strange or sad or pitiable. But Intrigue's return did create a sensation in a neighbourhood where talk of horses was continuous.

Sir Anthony Rolton and his daughter Rachel were the first members of the Hunt to hear the news, having been bidden to Girdles for tennis. At tea Mr. Gilbaum announced that he had just bought a wonderful mare, a picture, and as gentle as a spaniel. His daughter Sibyl would ride her the following season and show the field the way. So, inevitably in that neighbourhood, the party adjourned to inspect the new purchase. In a paddock beyond the stables Sibyl Gilbaum, proud of her new hunter and the knowledge which she was acquiring of the way in which horses should be treated, called 'Co-op! Co-op! Co-op!' Intrigue, always ready to welcome visitors, graceful, sleek, beautiful, trotted quickly up, and stood with outstretched neck, blowing gently through her silky nostrils, seeking the giver of sugar.

'When she's up and in condition——' Mr. Gilbaum began, but was interrupted by his guests.

'Good God!' said Sir Anthony Rolton.

'Intrigue!' gasped his daughter.

And at the sound of her voice the mare gave a whimper of recognition.

'You know her?' Mr. Gilbaum asked, a trifle disappointed.

'Know her!' Sir Anthony replied. 'I fancy I do. She nearly

killed Rachel. I bought her from Fording, who bred her. She's unrideable.'

The next mail for India took a letter from Colonel Fording to his daughter, Peggy.

'Intrigue,' it ran, 'has come back, and the whole neighbourhood is in a flutter. The future Lord Gilbaum of Girdles bought her at Tattersalls—300 he paid—for his daughter Sibyl (she's number two, and I think the most attractive) to hunt next season! I forget whether I've ever told you about Sibyl Gilbaum. She's quite a nice modern child of the kind that's imported into the country nowadays, a trifle offhand to the aged like myself, still fresh and amusingly self-assured. But on a horse! If she's on a patent safety she doesn't often fall off; and she bounces in the saddle so beautifully that I've been meaning to ask her to dine here after a hunt. I want to find out whether it is true, as I assume it must be, that she really does have to take her meals standing after a day's ride. She, my dear, proposes to hunt Intrigue! I loathe the American language, but can you beat that?

'I haven't yet seen Intrigue, although I'm longing to, because—well—the situation here in regard to her is peculiar, and I've not yet decided what I can do. This is the way of it. Tony Rolton, who had been to tennis at Girdles and seen Intrigue, rang me up that same night, very mysterious, wouldn't talk down the 'phone but booked himself for lunch next day. I told you, of course, long ago, that the breeze between us had blown itself out, although he is still inclined to treat me like a reformed burglar. Anyhow Tony arrived for lunch portentously solemn, obviously bursting with news. He could hardly wait until we sat down to table. After his second mouthful of food he out with the jest about the Gilbaum girl riding Intrigue to hounds; and then sat looking at me in silent reproach. Naturally I laughed; when you've seen the child on a horse you see the humour in the idea. But Tony shook his head at my levity, looking as though I'd pinched his watch.

"Bob," he said, "I'm not going to rake up the past. But this is up to you. You've simply got to prevent that girl breaking her silly neck."

'I know the uselessness of arguing with Tony, so I let him run on. It appears that he tackled Gilbaum on the subject and got told, very politely and nicely, to mind his own business. Consequently he came to me. I agreed that the girl could never hunt the mare; and he went off relieved, he said, of responsibility! Humorous fellow, Tony.

'But I wasn't through with the business for that day by any means. Bill Hacking came over at tea-time, ostensibly to show me his new car, but really to talk about Intrigue. He had already been to see Gilbaum about the mare, and he had been very diplomatic about what he said. You know Bill's diplomacy, sledge-hammery. Anyhow he got the same answer as Tony did; and off he trots to me to settle the business. "Your shout, this time, Bob. Not a doubt of it. You bred the infernal animal, so you've damn well got to fix it." Logic, my dear, and diplomacy combined! So for the second time I agreed that the girl could not hunt the mare. Bill went off purring; but his car made a noise like a battery of 75's doing themselves proud, and scared all my young stock.

'Archie Booth strolled over after dinner. His story was practically the same as the other two. I'm beginning to think that Gilbaum is a very polite fellow. He was as nice to Archie as to the others. Since then half the members of the Hunt have seen Gilbaum about his daughter riding the mare, and have come on to me afterwards. I haven't lived in such a whirl of social gaiety for years. If it goes on I shall have to fix hours for interviews, or I shall find no time for schooling the young ones. Young Roger Tepley was quite pathetic. He told me he wanted to marry the girl, but that a corpse was hardly a suitable wife. Anyhow, for reasons which I can't quite follow, they all seem agreed that I am the man to succeed where they have failed. For, obviously, it is quite unthinkable that Sibyl Gilbaum should be allowed to attempt to hunt Intrigue.

'I'd buy the mare back like a shot, if I could, and use her for breeding. From what I've been able to discover of her history, that would be the only use for her now. I'd love to have her here again. But I fancy that is impossible. I rather like Gilbaum. He's got a damn sight more brains than I have, and he never pretends to be what he isn't. But even over a horse, about which he does not profess to know much, I don't see him being jockeyed into doing anything he doesn't want to do. And he prefers his own judgment to other people's. The trouble is, in this case, his judgment tells him that a mare that a child could hack with safety must be a child's hunter.

'I must do some thinking. Because, if Sibyl Gilbaum did try to hunt Intrigue, I should be regarded in these parts as an accessory to murder. It doesn't seem exactly logical to me, but there it is.'

Having done his thinking, and having discovered all the details

of Intrigue's career since she left the country, Colonel Fording rode over one pleasant June morning to Girdles. When he had passed the time of day with Mr. Gilbaum, he asked whether he might see the mare. His host said that he could; but Colonel Fording noticed a certain obstinacy in his manner, and rather admired him for it.

Intrigue was in her paddock behind the stable, somnolent in the shade of an oak, her tail switching regularly to ward off the flies. When Colonel Fording called to her, her drowsiness vanished; she stood for a moment staring with head cocked and ears pricked; then she galloped up to the man who had taught her what human kindness meant, squealing as she galloped. She nuzzled him, whimpering; and he fondled her, whispering to her, and kissed her soft muzzle.

'Knows you right enough,' said Mr. Gilbaum. 'Well, Colonel?'

'Will you sell her to me?' Colonel Fording asked.

'No,' said Mr. Gilbaum.

'Will you exchange her?'

'No.'

'Do you still mean your daughter to hunt her?'

'Yes.'

Colonel Fording patted Intrigue's smooth neck, then faced his host squarely.

'Before your daughter attempts to hunt the mare,' he asked, 'will you let me ride her? I will do my best to keep her to the front of the hunt where a good hunter ought to be. It depends on the country we go over whether I have a serious accident with her or merely a minor one. But I shall be expecting trouble, and with luck I shall not kill myself.'

Mr. Gilbaum looked at Intrigue, a very model of gentle beauty, and then, shrewdly, at the man who fondled her.

'Very good of you, Colonel,' he answered. 'But I shall not require your services in that way, thank you.'

Colonel Fording smiled genially at his host.

'You puzzle me,' he said. 'For in spite of your attitude about this mare, I refuse to believe that you are a fool or that you wish to get rid of your daughter.'

Mr. Gilbaum chuckled.

'You didn't give my last answer the careful attention it deserved,' he replied. 'I said that I should not require your services in the way you suggested. Got it?'

'I shall be happy to be of what service I can to you,' Colonel Fording told him, grinning. 'Is that the right answer?'

'Quite right,' Mr. Gilbaum declared. 'Will you choose a horse for me, in place of Intrigue, on which Sibyl can learn to hunt?'

So by the next mail another letter, largely concerned with Intrigue, went to India.

'I know you'll be mighty glad to hear,' Colonel Fording wrote to his daughter, 'that Intrigue is back again at Inch. She's now enjoying herself in Big Watermead, and is, I hope, already safely in foal. Old Brett is quite himself again now. I began to think that he would never really forgive me for selling the mare.'

'Since the neighbourhood had decided that I had got to prevent the Gilbaum girl breaking her neck on Intrigue next season, I set about finding out exactly what the mare had done since she went away. It was pretty bad. It seems that she is now unsafe as a hunter in any hands. What Rachel Rolton taught her in two lessons she refuses to unlearn. So I went to see friend Gilbaum.'

'We got on famously. Having refused point-blank to sell or exchange Intrigue, he offered her to me as a gift at the finish, and was rather hurt, I fancy, when I insisted upon a chop with him. Don't imagine that I've a gift for persuasion that enables me to twist people like Gilbaum round to the way I want them to go. It was the mare that made the plutocrat see sense. She came up and greeted me with real affection, and, as I picked up the friendship where we left it two years ago, she exhibited her manners, which are the best horse manners in the world. So that opened the way for me to say that I would hunt her, if I might, and keep her to the front if I could; but that unless the country we went over was perfect we should have a bad smash. Gilbaum had a shrewd look at us at that—Intrigue was taking my right ear between her lips at the moment, thoroughly pleased to be able to play with me again—and he got understanding. I don't suppose that he had realised before that a horse can have a perfect temper and yet be impossible to ride. But I might have lectured him all day and he wouldn't have believed me. It was only when Intrigue showed him that she really was fond of me, and he had my assurance that in spite of her affection she wouldn't listen to me when her blood was up, that he saw the truth. He's a sensible fellow, and I like him.'

'So there is Mistress Intrigue, no longer a maiden lady, settled down to keep up, I trust, the reputation of the stock that comes out of Inch. But I've learned a lesson. I'll never part with another

horse which I like until it's a made hunter, unless it goes into surer hands than mine.'

A year later Colonel Fording realised that he was spoiling his enjoyment of a very perfect June day by fussing. He had started the morning, as was his custom, by visiting his horses in the pleasant meadows sloping from covert to stream. As usual he had spent some time admiring Intrigue and anticipating the fulfilment of promise in the month-old colt foal that ran beside her. But by lunch time he realised that he had done little else than revisit his horses, until they were clearly puzzled as to the meaning of his visits, or hang about the stables and garden interfering with other men's work. Although he realised his stupidity, he visited the horses again after lunch to make sure that they were looking as well as he wished them to look. Then he drove his car to the railway station and arrived twenty minutes before the train which he had come to meet. While waiting he astonished the station-master by declaring with decision, 'I'm getting old, Sikes. Old and futile. I shall give up horses and take to crossword puzzles.' Yet when his daughter Peggy stepped out of the train he greeted her with the careful casualness of youth.

'You're looking well, my dear,' he said. 'Husband and son flourishing? Good. So are the horses. So am I. Brett's here with the cart. He'll bring along your baggage.'

After tea Colonel Fording and his daughter strolled out into the pleasant meadows. The brightness of the summer day was beginning to change into a golden English evening; lazy rooks wheeled and cawed; the little river talked gently to itself; and from the farther side of the wood there came the rattle of a mowing machine and the distant call of men busy in the hayfields. Since there were many horses summering in the meadows, since the inspecting of them was a business which neither the man nor the girl could treat carelessly, Colonel Fording and Peggy moved slowly, deep in critical and earnest talk. So, as Intrigue and her foal were in the farthest paddock, they came to them last.

Intrigue was cropping grass when they arrived, with her foal dozing on the ground beside her. She looked up as they came through the gate, casually, because she had already seen her master several times that day. Then in the act of lowering her head to feed again she paused, staring, uncertain. The girl called to her and Intrigue's uncertainty vanished. She gave a loud whinnying cry of welcome, which brought her offspring clumsily to his feet,

then trotted eagerly to renew another friendship. When they had exchanged greetings, when the foal, keeping close to his mother, had allowed a woman to kiss his nose, Peggy stood back and admired the pair.

'Intrigue, my darling,' she said, 'you're more beautiful than ever. And how clever of you to have such a lovely son!'

Then, while Intrigue picked again at the grass, and her foal with bright eyes full of inquiry stood and stared at the stranger, Colonel Fording and his daughter deliberately discussed the points of the mare, which both of them knew by heart. Having agreed that she was faultless, not by a mere bald statement but by detailed reference to her structure and her shape, the girl looked about her and sighed, appreciating, like an epicure, the soft greenness, the gentle quietness of the meadows which she loved, meadows where horses and children found joy in living.

'It's good to be home,' she declared, and turned again to Intrigue, who at the movement raised her head from the grass.

'There's one thing,' she continued, fondling the delicate muzzle, 'that would make my long leave perfect. Couldn't I hunt her next season, after Christmas? This beautiful child of hers will have sobered her down.'

Colonel Fording looked at his daughter and the mare, and smiled.

'That's bad hearing,' he announced. 'Does it mean that because of that boy of yours you're going to poke and potter and give up riding straight?'

'Of course not,' the girl laughed. 'But I'm sure Intrigue will be sensible now. Can I try her?'

'No,' Colonel Fording answered seriously, 'you can not. There are two friendships with which that beauty is never going to interfere: mine with that husband of yours and yours with your own riding. Here she is where she was born, and here she stops.'

But the foal was finding prolonged scrutiny and discussion dull. He walked quietly away from his mother; then, seeing her still engaged with the strange woman, threw himself wildly into the air, kicking, bucking, striking, exciting himself prodigiously. Intrigue, her sleek coat shining like polished bronze in the mellow gold of the evening light, turned from the girl's caresses to watch him. When he ceased to kick and buck and started racing round the meadow she called sharply to him. As he obeyed her command, cantering up and immediately starting to feed himself from her, Intrigue seemed well content with her new work.

THACKERAY IN THE TEMPLE.

BY H. C. MINCHIN.

[Two or three sentences from the letter which forms the basis of this article were utilised by Messrs. Herman Merivale and Frank T. Marzials in their 'Life of W. M. Thackeray,' published as a volume of 'The Great Writers Series' in 1891; but the letter itself, in the opinion of those best qualified to know, has not hitherto been published in England. Where it had lain in concealment these many years can only be conjectured; but in 1926 it became the property of Mr. Gabriel Wells, of New York, who made it accessible to American readers by printing it in the 'New York Times Book Review' of December 5 in that year. A kindly correspondent at Fort Smith, Arkansas, transcribed it from that journal, and sent the copy to the present writer, who here and now expresses his thanks (and may he venture to add those of his readers?) to Mrs. Lucile Price Turner for her thoughtful courtesy.]

THE year is 1831, the month December, the place No. 2, Brick Court, Temple. Midwinter's meagre allowance of daylight is already spent, and the tenant, a tall young fellow of twenty, occupied at the moment in writing a letter, is indebted to such illumination as is afforded by a pair of wax candles. By their flickering light it can be seen that the chambers are characteristically bare and shabby; but they have taken the tenant's fancy, we surmise, because it was here that Oliver Goldsmith lived and died. For he himself has read widely, if discursively, in romances, plays, and poetry, and is a born Bohemian. His expressive features, as he sits writing, are an index of his thought; now traversed by a slightly scornful smile, now suffused by a glow of warmer feeling. Presently he commits his finished letter to its covering, and, being disinclined for Hall this evening, reaches for his hat and overcoat, blows out the candles, and goes forth in quest of dinner. The Cock Tavern is handy for Templars; it may have been he who commended its good qualities to a fellow-student two years his senior, one Alfred Tennyson, with whom it became later, as we know, a favourite haunt.

Now, a hundred young gentlemen in chambers might write a hundred letters, and go out to eat a hundred dinners, without calling for remark or comment. But this young gentleman, the hundred and first, happens to be one who is destined to leave a very considerable mark on the literature of his country; one, moreover, with a particular interest for readers of CORNHILL, since he is to become, after the lapse of years, its earliest Editor. So much the signature of the letter assures us. We are privileged, too, before he affixes the seal, to master its contents, which, several generations later, may without breach of confidence here and now be transcribed. Directed to Mrs. Carmichael Smyth, Larkbeare House, Ottery St. Mary, Devon, and postmarked December 16, 1831, the letter, whose punctuation and spelling are exactly reproduced, runs as follows:

'I have written to father dear Mother, I thought of course you would have had the letter I wrote to you just before I went to Cambridge where I staid four days feasting on my old friends. I made my books a pretext for going there & found them all safely stowed as was everything else belonging to me. Someday or other I shall keep another term. I was glad to find the men so hearty and hospitable. I could have staid there a month and fed on each of my friends. Now here is London. I occasionally get a shy invitation to dinner on a pretty piece of paper. I suppose in a year or two I shall be as ceremonious as the best of them—if ever there was—I was going to say something against the law but wont. I go pretty regularly to my pleader & sit with him till past five & sometimes 6. Then I come home & read & dine till about 9 or past when I am glad enough to go out for an hour and look at the world. As for the theatre I scarcely go more than once a week, which is moderate indeed for me. It has been lucky for my purse that there has been a run of pieces at all the theatres, & I think twice is generally enough to see the present run of things—or anything at all. I find nothing so tedious as Shakespeare except perhaps the standard tragedies with Miss Fanny Kemble—Kemble has been very ill nearly given up. His sons are great chums of mine & from the eldest I learn a great deal. I am expecting a Cambridge man to breakfast, but cannot treat him as I was treated there—really the gormandizing quite astonished me. I tried to be able to play my part pretty well but found myself quite a delicate eater.

'Friday—My Cambridge man did not come though I waited for him till near one. In going to Chambers I met my old friend & new acquaintance Curzon. However he was much more cordial

than before & promised to come & see me. The youth is in Parliament but does not intend to spout. Yesterday I went with J. Kemble to the Beggars Opera. Very Good. It is certainly the pleasantest play (that is according to my thinking) in our language to see & in a few days come the Pantomimes huzza—I have kept my account pretty regularly & for sometime very regularly for have begun a little Journal which really prospers. I find it a great check on my expenditure to see those of the day before staring me in the face, as also a great incitement to my industry to see yesterday's idleness—but I am not very idle. Have read the last of W. Scott's novels *Castle Dangerous* & thought it mighty poor one gets tired of long-winded descriptions of helmets & surcoats—the best of these stories that I have lately seen are the *Romance of French history* by Leitch Ritchie—luckily for me there is no getting novels at Eberos. I have just finished a long-winded Declaration about a mortgage & in half an hour shall go to my beefsteaks & porter. I have not called ever on Mr. Markham, some men who know him say he is a great snob. Wood was to have given me a frank for (*sic*) but it came with yesterday's date, so you must pay your postage dear Mother. on Christmas day I dine with my Uncle Frank. he & Mrs. Thackeray called on me tother day but I was not at home—God bless you dear Mother. love to father & Mary—ever yr affete.

SON WM. M. THACKERAY.'

What, then, are the circumstances which have landed an embryo novelist from the clouds of fancy amid the precise though dusty regions of the law? Is there any affinity between sketching-blocks and depositions, between satire and subpoenas, between Coke upon Littleton and William Makepeace Thackeray? Very little, be it at once admitted. Our hero, if we may dare to use the term in defiance of his dislike of it, at no period of his career expressed any particular admiration for the law or its practitioners, whom in this very letter he only just does not disparage. On the contrary, he is apt to handle both the one and the other with asperity. Consider, for example, his portrait of Mr. Paley, Pen and Warrington's neighbour in the Temple, who, while frowning upon their amusements,

'has been employed in bringing a great intellect laboriously down to the comprehension of a mean subject, and, in his fierce grasp of that, resolutely excluding from his mind all higher thought, all better things, all the wisdom of philosophers and historians, all the thoughts of poets; all wit, fancy, reflection, art, love, truth,

altogether—so that he may master that enormous legend of the law, which he proposes to gain his livelihood by expounding.'

There is much more to a similar effect, as readers of 'Pendennis' will remember. It was, indeed, with an intention such as Paley's that Thackeray entered his name at the Middle Temple; but rather at the wish of his family than from any inclination of his own. And the experiment proved short-lived.

But he did not make it rashly. He had spent five terms at Cambridge. He had made friends there, and had enjoyed himself. He had started an essay society; he had contributed to a University Magazine. But he had spent a great deal of money, and, though lavish, he was shrewd. He soon saw that he could not expect to attain to such academic distinctions as might lead to fame or fortune; and was quite willing to accept the dictates of parental wisdom. Our letter shows us that for the time being he took his new occupation seriously. 'I am not very idle,' he writes. This, in truth, was a sore subject. Dr. Russell of Charterhouse, where he had his schooling, had hurt his feelings by declining to believe in his industry. But genius is a racer, not a cart-horse. If he will consider the amount of work which Thackeray got through in a life of but two and fifty years, often amid most trying circumstances, the veriest Gradgrind needs must blush to call him idler.

So he busies himself, not too discontentedly, with his 'long-winded declarations.' But, not being quite a Paley, and with memories, albeit he is not yet of age, of Paris and of Weimar, as well as of Cambridge courts lately revisited, he cannot be expected to display that worthy's exclusive devotion to pink tape, brief-bags, and parchment. Whatever topics he may have discussed with Goethe, in brief intercourse at Weimar, they certainly were not such as these. If we recur to our letter, we may form some idea of the pursuits which rivalled those which claimed his attention at 1, Hare Court, Temple, the chambers of his pleader, a man unquestionably learned in the law, a man, moreover, whose humaner affections (unlike Paley's) the law had failed to stifle; for he had a devoted niece who inherited his estate, and whose piety it was (I imagine) that dedicated a stained-glass window in the chancel of Kegworth Church, Leicestershire, 'in affectionate memory of William Taprell, Esq., Barrister-at-law, London.'

We may group them (the pursuits, I mean) under three headings, society, books, the theatre. 'The shy invitations to dinner' speak,

or rather murmur, for themselves. There was no shyness in Thackeray, one fancies, who was ever ready to consort with (and observe) his fellow-creatures. Is not our sense of the reality of his characters largely due to the conviction that he had lived in intimacy with them himself? Doubtless most of them are composite portraits, and to seek to identify all even of the most prominent personages would be an idle and a fruitless task. But to some few of them this does not apply. 'Yes, it is very like; it is certainly very like,' Thackeray once said to an American lady, as he looked at a volume of 'Pendennis.' 'Like whom, Mr. Thackeray?' 'Oh, like me, to be sure; it is very like me.' 'Surely not, for Pendennis is so weak!' 'Ah, well, your humble servant is not very strong.' But in 1831 the time for passing serious judgment on himself or others had not arrived. We may be sure the 'shy invitations' were accepted, and they may have been fairly numerous, for with his Cambridge and his West Country connexions he cannot have gone short of London introductions. The Kembles' hospitable house was open to him, now that Charles Kemble was recovering; and though he did not (strange to say) appreciate Miss Fanny's acting as he should, he saw much of her eldest brother John, that J. M. K. to whom Tennyson addressed a sonnet, and whose intention was to take Holy Orders:

'Thou wilt be

A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest,
To scare church-harpies from the Master's feast.'

John Kemble changed his mind, however, to the disappointment of his friends, who expected great things from him. He entered at the Inner Temple, but eventually devoted his talents to history and archaeology. Meanwhile Thackeray 'learns a great deal from him,' and he takes his junior to 'The Beggar's Opera.'

In the phrase 'my old friend and new acquaintance,' whom he met on his way to Taprell's chambers, we discern the budding satirist. Thackeray and Curzon were schoolfellows at Charterhouse. Now Curzon was down from Oxford—he, too, without taking a degree—and M.P. for Clitheroe, in which capacity, presumably, he at first treated his old friend with a certain coolness. Or was it a case of young Oxford being antagonistic to young Cambridge? 'The youth,' at any rate, grows 'much more cordial.' Next year the borough of Clitheroe was disfranchised, and Curzon, not being instigated by an ambition 'to spout,' did not seek

election elsewhere. He took to travelling instead, in the Levant particularly, and was the first to be admitted to the hidden life of the monks of Athos, and to make it known to the world. On some island of the Aegean, for all we know, the successive numbers of 'Vanity Fair' may have reached him, and we can fancy his comment as he read: 'Who would have thought that Thack had so much in him?' Curzon died in 1873, having survived his old friend and schoolfellow a matter of ten years.

The penny post, when our letter was written, was as yet unborn, Rowland Hill's beneficent reform being still eight years in the offing. Members of Parliament were privileged to bestow 'franks' on whom they would, but the address and date must be written in their own hand. The privilege, consequently, took up a good deal of their time. Thus, of Sir James Stephen, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, it is recorded that he 'spent as much time in the year in addressing letters as would have kept him at work six hours a day for the whole month of February.' Not very good, one imagines, for the public service! As to Wood, who was to have given the frank, in all likelihood he was Sir Charles Wood, afterwards Viscount Halifax and first Secretary of State for India on the extinction of the Company, grandfather of the present Viceroy, Liberal M.P. (the Thackeray tradition was Whig) for Grimsby, Wareham, and Halifax in turn. The letter, as no frank was forthcoming, would cost its recipient elevenpence. But who was Mary, to whom the writer sends his love? There was no Laura Bell at Larkbeare House; one may conjecture that Mary was a faithful family retainer.

Mr. Markham, however, was—but no, I shall not try to find out who Mr. Markham was. Let us charitably hope that 'some men who know him' judged of him too hastily. The reference may serve as an adumbration, earliest and faintest, of 'The Snobs of England, by one of themselves.' As to Uncle Frank Thackeray, with whom a dutiful nephew is to eat his Christmas dinner, is he not the author of that 'History of the Right Honourable William Pitt, Earl of Chatham,' etc., etc.—the title is really too lengthy to transcribe—on which Macaulay animadverted so unkindly, alleging that he could recall no patient so far gone in the distemper of 'Lues Boswelliana' as its reverend compiler? He is, indeed. 'The book is large,' writes Macaulay, 'and the style heavy'; one suspects the nephew, when at work on 'The Four Georges,' did not consult it very often.

At present, however, he is reading novels ; though 'luckily for me there is no getting them at Eberos.' This strange appellation, presumably, is a characteristic mishandling of 'Erebus,' to which realm of darkness he unceremoniously likens the Temple. But he has managed to get hold of one or two. His remarks on 'Castle Dangerous,' though severe, are such as might be expected from the future author of 'Rebecca and Rowena.' The wonder is, of course, considering the state of Scott's health, that the story was written at all, for 'the plough was nearing the end of the furrow.' Thackeray was unaware, it is probable, that Scott was a dying man. Leitch Ritchie's 'Romance of History : France,' in three volumes, was another production of the year 1831. It enjoyed a fair amount of popularity, and mended, though it did not make, its industrious writer's fortune. How many are familiar with it to-day ?

But the opinions which our Templar expresses on the theatre are certainly surprising. We shall do well to remember that he is but twenty, and that youth is prone to deal in sweeping assertions. Even so, it is something of a shock to find one who apparently loved the play (pantomimes included) thus early bored with the legitimate drama, and preferring Gay to Shakespeare ! Odder still is it, when we remember the opinion of the day, that Fanny Kemble's acting fails to elicit a single word of praise. He might have seen her as Juliet, as Belvidera in *Venice Preserved*, as Portia, as well as in such 'feeble and inflated stuff' as *The Grecian Daughter* (by Murphy) and *The Stranger*. Yes, in *The Stranger*, surely, he had seen Fanny Kemble—or someone else. For was it not the beautiful Miss Fotheringay's performance as Mrs. Haller in Kotzebue's remarkable melodrama at the Theatre Royal, Chatteris (which is Exeter), that stole the heart of Arthur Pendennis from his tantalised and tormented breast ? If here we seem to touch the skirts of a mystery, we are baffled and can go no further. But with *The Beggar's Opera* we are on firmer ground. Its appeal to a satirical bent, its cynical interpretation of life, these drew a ready response from the future satirist. For we cannot, even if we would, dissociate Thackeray from satire. He was as inclined to the exercise of it as he was to the indulgence of sentiment. In his character and in his writings the two propensities are seen at work side by side. Irreconcilable as they may appear, it was from their fusion in the crucible of his genius that there emerged the moralist which he unquestionably became.

Meanwhile our letter is speeding on its westward journey, to reach in due course the comfortable breakfast-parlour at Lark-beare House, Ottery St. Mary (which is Clavering). We may be sure the recipient did not grudge the elevenpence demanded. She reads it through at least twice before passing it to her husband, and then the pair discuss it backwards and forwards and sideways, as the manner is on such occasions. 'I *hope* he is fairly comfortable,' says the lady, 'and that that young Kemble is a good friend for him. But I wonder if we were right, after all, about the law. I fear he is not taking to it very kindly.'

'What makes you think that?' the Major asks.

'Well,' she replies, 'it's not so much from what he says as from what he doesn't say. I don't feel that he's really keen about it.' And in truth the young man is ere long found lamenting that 'the sun won't shine into Taprell's chambers, and the high stools don't blossom and bring forth buds.' 'I'm not sure,' she continues, 'if he hadn't better have gone in for painting, after all.'

'Or for writing,' the Major says reflectively—he is himself active-minded in retirement, and dabbles in newspapers—'you know that parody of his of the Cambridge prize-poem was considered clever.'

'Clever!' replies the lady. 'Of course it was clever. The only question is, with such gifts as his, which line to choose.'

'We may leave it to him to settle it,' the Major says. 'A false start, if there be one, won't matter much. With a head as large as his, something remarkable is sure to come out of it.' With which sentiment Thackeray's mother, we may be confident, is unlikely to disagree.

Other topics then engage them. The scene fades. Ring down the curtain, Prompter! Our little piece is over.

HALCYON DAYS OF A BUTTERFLY LOVER.

“ Emongst these leaves she made a Butterflie,
With excellent device and wondrous slight,

* * * * *

The velvet nap which in his wings doth lie,
The silken downe with which his backe is dight,
His broad outstretched hornes, his hayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his glistening eies.”

SPENSER.

ALL my life I have been an ardent lover and observer of butterflies and moths, but never—not even in my schoolboy days—have I been an ardent collector. My sympathy with collectors, even with so casual a collector as myself, is of that tepid order which the late W. H. Hudson professed, and the three show-cases that adorn (?) my walls cannot be called in any sense a collection, for they merely contain mementos of many delightful days and unforgotten episodes, arranged without any attempt at classification; but butterflies when preserved in cabinet or case, lose alas! all their grace and a large amount of their brilliance.

Through a long vista of more than seventy summers I perceive visions of places near and far, as vivid and clear-cut as if I had but seen them yesterday, each picture forming a setting for the jewelled insects that fly and flash, and circle and settle therein; visions of wide sun-flooded meadows bright with wild flowers and lush grass, surrounded by those bounteous typical English hedges that the intensive farmer longs to eradicate—visions of fields sweetly scented with beans or clover—of waste lands glowing with golden gorse and purple heather, and of others less colourful, their sparse herbage intersected with patches of sand or gravel—visions of pine woods, and spinneys of young larch and silver birch—of Surrey commons, and of Surrey hills with their vague sweet scent of wild thyme and marjoram; of rolling Sussex and Kentish downs, and of the chalky downlands of Wilts and Hampshire—visions of the margins of slowly flowing rivers; of lonely tarns and pools fringed with rushes and water plants; of Yorkshire moors and Westmoreland fells; of the red sandstone coombes of South Devon clothed with a luxuriant growth, of the white turf-edged cliffs of Kent looking down on

summer seas ; of deep Devonshire and Cornish lanes ; of the oak-woods of Hampshire, and perhaps best loved of all, those solitary enclosures still to be found in the New Forest, ' far from the madding crowd ' of trippers and collectors that overrun such places as Lyndhurst, Brockenhurst, and Beaulieu.

I was born at a small seaport in South Devon, a port that basked in sunshine and soft airs, between the little town of Dawlish on the east, and the historic bay where Dutch William landed to the westward. A district this, much beloved by butterflies and moths. My first introduction to the butterfly world of which I have any distinct recollection occurred when I was five years old, and was taken by an elder brother ' butterfly hunting ' to one of those coombes that ran from the Cliff Walk east of the town down toward the sea till stopped by Brunel's famous railway, and that solid wall, constructed of Dartmoor granite, that he built to protect it. These coombes were veritable sun-traps, and were filled with greenery. Here flourished long-stemmed grasses of many kinds, bushes of graceful tamarisk, masses of ragwort and tall thistles, clumps of red valerian, and in the crevices of the cliffs tufts of the wild thrift or sea pinks. Doubtless upon that hot June morning there were a good many kinds of butterflies in the coombe, but my attention was attracted and held by one species only. Among the tall grasses fluttered numbers of bright blue butterflies, that now and again broke and rose into the air in a tangle of a dozen or so, and having played their game (whatever that might have been) settled to their fluttering once more.

I was fascinated by them, and can remember no other species on that occasion. Many times did I visit that coombe during my sojourn at the Port. Here I first saw the cinnamon-coloured ' Wall ' butterflies sunning themselves on the red cliff walls, while above them on the edge of the cliff itself darted and hovered the swift soberly dressed ' Humming Bird Hawk Moths,' though I never discovered what it was that attracted them there. Here every year was a colony of ' Burnet Moths ' in their uniform of crimson and burnished green, together with a liberal sprinkling of gay ' Cinnabar Moths ' in their rose-coloured petticoats, their upper wings being ash-coloured, slashed with rose-pink. Here I once saw a solitary ' Marbled White ' in dainty garb of cream and black, from which the old entomologists, who loved picturesque names, called him ' Our Half Mourner.' Here, too, I was introduced to the gorgeous ' Clouded Yellows,' who came every August in their

golden coats trimmed with broad black velvet bands ; and here I once looked on that veritable jewel, an 'Elephant Hawk Moth,' who, having but recently emerged from the chrysalis, was drying in the sun his wings of olive-brown, shot with green, black, and rosy-pink.

Among the many butterfly haunts round and about the Port, I must mention yet one more, Haldon, a heath that lay at the back of the town, and looked down upon it. To reach it one climbed the long, white, steep Exeter road. On arriving at the top of this hill the road widened, and turned east and west, running along the southern side of Haldon Heath. On that broad white space at the top of the hill I made my bow to my first 'Painted Lady' who, basking in the sun, let her gloriously mosaic'd wings gently rise and fall. These 'Painted Ladies' were by no means shy—they were indeed 'reg'lar bold-faced Jigs' (as the country folks called naughty ladies in that part of Devon), and no sooner did you drive one away than back she came to settle on the same particular spot, lending herself to easy capture.

On the heath itself, where gorse, heather, and bracken flourished, I first saw that beautiful insect the Fritillary, of which three species were to be found here, the 'Pearl Bordered,' the 'High Brown,' and the great 'Silver Washed,' but never in large numbers. Now, before I turn my back upon the Port I must mention two more pictures that are indelibly engraved upon my memory. One unique, the other recurrent. The first was a drama played in a fishmonger's shop into which flew a large 'Death's Head Hawk Moth,' and, alighting on the marble slab, was promptly imprisoned under a glass bowl. Then the proprietor sent round to our house to say how 'a girt butterfly' had been captured, and one of us children was invited to fetch him. So round went I, armed with net and a card-board box, and brought home the prisoner, who ended his days painlessly under chloroform administered by my father, who was a doctor. The other scene, a scene which recurred each autumn, was in a friend's beautiful garden. Here grew three fine tall green fig trees, and when the figs were ripe these trees were covered with hundreds of 'Red Admirals' in their black velvet doublets, slashed with red, who drank and drank so greedily of the luscious juice that when day declined many were unable to go home, and like other toppers, had to sleep where they lay.

We left the Port when I was twelve, and went to live in a quiet little village about six miles inland, where our glorious westward

view was bounded by three of Dartmoor's famous Tors. During the six years I lived here I had numberless opportunities of watching 'butterflies in their haunts and homes,' yet of these occasions I only retain two mind-pictures very distinctly. The first, about a mile from our cottage, is on an estate called 'Wood' (which, by the way, boasted a haunted house), where was a disused quarry, at the entrance to which stood a fine elm tree. This quarry was often full of sunshine, and its lower slopes were covered with wild strawberry plants, on which grew the largest berries I have ever seen. Many butterflies visited the spot, and I never failed to go there when in its neighbourhood. Pausing at the entrance one morning, I happened to glance at the elm tree, as moths not infrequently rested on its rough bark; there to my delight was a large 'Privet Hawk Moth,' the rose-madder of his striped body and lower wings being entirely concealed by the folded upper wings of mottled brown and grey, a colour scheme provided by nature for his protection. In this case, however, the protection was not extended, and on taking him home I found he measured five inches from tip to tip of the extended upper wings. The other picture is of a typical Devonshire lane in the gloaming of a late summer day. Hurrying homeward to be in time for nine o'clock family prayers (my parents were old-fashioned folk) my brother and I, each armed with a net, were walking in single file when a great moth crossed the lane just above the level of the high hedges. I had hardly called my brother's attention to the fact when back came the moth, and leaping high I secured it in my net, and so took it carefully home. It proved to be a fine specimen (three and a half inches across the upper wings) of that beautiful cigar-coloured moth the 'Lappet' whose stout body and scalloped wings are very noticeable. The curious name of this handsome insect is not derived from its strongly dentated wings, but from the fleshy appendages on each side of the caterpillar. When at rest with its wings folded, the 'Lappet' exactly resembles a dry leaf—another illustration of a 'protective Providence.'

The year 1866 brought a disastrous panic to the City of London in which many an old-established business house collapsed like the proverbial house of cards: it brought ruin on my father, the whole of whose savings were swallowed up. Fortunately, I was about to leave school, and it was arranged that we should all make a home with my three bachelor brothers in London. So we left our quiet Devonshire village and my daily intercourse with my butterfly

friends was brought to a close, though there were opportunities for its renewal at intervals in the future.

We lived in a comfortable old house in Camberwell (then a pleasant suburb), but where, alas! no 'Camberwell Beauties' ever disported themselves, perhaps because 'the Sallows and Willows that abounded there' in the eighteenth century had all disappeared. No, there was no glorious 'Camberwell Beauty,' and even 'common and garden' butterflies were scarce. But Dulwich—still a country village—was only separated from us by a pleasant walk across fields, now covered with houses. Having traversed these fields, and passed the village smithy and the disused burial ground, one came to the 'Greyhound,' a fine old posting-house that had been kept by three generations of the Middlecot family: at the back was a pleasant garden, a bowling alley, and a cricket ground; while within, one might enjoy, amidst time-mellowed panelling and furniture, a cool tankard and a chat with the landlord, who would tell you how in his grandfather's time the beer had been supplied by Thrall's, and would perhaps produce an old MS. book in which he drew your attention with pride to the signature of one Samuel Johnson.

Leaving the 'Greyhound,' one came at the fork of two roads to Dulwich Almshouses, Chapel, College, and Picture Gallery, and taking the road to the right one was in a shady lane. Here, one Sunday morning, I rested and meditated, leaning my arms upon a five-barred gate, when suddenly I spied a large grey-brown moth also resting and perhaps meditating. I had no net, but I had a card-board box, and quickly effected a capture. The moth was a fine 'Red Underwing,' three inches across. Now there was nothing very unusual in this incident to fix it in my memory, for the handsome 'Red Underwing' was common enough in those days near London. What was unusual was that on the very next Sunday morning I took the self-same walk, and took another 'Red Underwing' in the self-same spot. The two (sadly faded) are in my oldest showcase with the Teignmouth 'Death's Head' as a companion. Through all my life much of my summer holiday has been spent 'on the tramp,' and so I have visited a large proportion of the 'highways and by-ways'—especially the by-ways—of England. Sometimes I would take in my pocket a folding net that fitted on to my walking stick, but often I had no entomological impedimenta, and was only an observer.

In one of the earliest of these tramps when I and my brother walked through Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, and Hereford-

shire, the road that I best remember was that between the little Worcestershire town of Evesham, with its long, broad, principal street, its two churches, and its beautiful Bell Tower, these three buildings within a stone's throw of each other, and Pershore, which also has two churches, a small and very ancient one, and a large one that is but a remnant of an immense conventual church, and famous all over that part of the country for its beauty. This road was a lovely one, bordered with greenery, and we saw many butterflies, though nothing unusual. Our next stopping-place was Worcester, and on leaving that city we made for Malvern. I clearly recall the Priory Church and then the long uphill walk to the Beacon, where a glorious view rewarded us.

The descent into Herefordshire down steep grassy slopes is memorable to me for the enormous number of butterflies, bright 'Blues' and soberly clad 'Small Heaths,' that with a detachment of swift-flying 'Skippers' brown, grizzled, and occasionally 'silver-spotted,' kept up a ceaseless movement the whole of the way. Arrived in Herefordshire, we made for the old town of Ledbury, with its timbered Market House, and, leaving that behind us, walked along a beautiful road to Hereford. It was on this road that I was graciously afforded an interview with what was even then a very scarce butterfly, the 'Comma,' who in his tawny brown velvet looks, at first glance, rather like a faded, ragged, and smaller edition of the 'Large Tortoiseshell.' His suit is not really ragged, but is cut into that rather fantastic pattern from which his godfathers, the old Aurelians, gave him his name. My interview with this gentleman ended rather unfortunately for him. At Hereford, our last stopping-place on that holiday, I remember best the Norman pillars and arches in the cathedral, the typical English view of the River Wye from the top of the tower, and that on an old building near the cathedral we saw on the dark leaves of clustering ivy three of those gaudily coloured moths christened by Moses Harris the 'Herald,' and by Haworth, the 'Furbelow.' Harris's is certainly the better name, for the shape and varied colours of the upper wings certainly reminds one of a herald's tabard. They were difficult to reach, and we left them there. I found out later that the clustering ivy, with its black berries, was a favourite plant of this species, and old arches and walls a favoured spot, for there the hardier 'Heralds' often hibernate.

A clearly remembered early summer walk was in Essex, where on the pretty country road that runs between Dunmow and Thaxted,

with its splendid fifteenth-century church, I saw an enormous number of 'Orange Tips' that flew lazily along on both sides of the way. These gay loiterers are common enough in May in most of our southern counties, but I never before or since have had such an opportunity of noting their variety, both in marking and in size, especially the latter. I have a specimen, taken there, but little larger than a 'small Blue.'

Two summer tramps have I had through Dorsetshire, each of several weeks' duration, and of each only one scene in connexion with butterflies remains clearly outlined. The first must have been in 1879 or '80, for I know that I had just read Hardy's fine tragedy, 'The Return of the Native,' and certain sentences in the story with regard to butterflies stuck in my memory as I walked through that conglomeration of small heaths that stretch from round about Wareham and Lytchett almost unbrokenly to Dorchester, which Hardy calls 'Egdon.' Lovers of Hardy will remember that nearly the whole of that drama is enacted upon 'Egdon.' In that particular scene where Clym Yeobright's initial attempt at furze-cutting is described, it says :

'the strange amber-coloured butterflies which Egdon produced, and which were never seen elsewhere, quivered in the breath of his lips, alighted on his bowed back, and sported with the glittering point of his hook as he flourished it up and down.'

Now as I took my way in leisurely manner across those heaths, and paused frequently not only to identify the localities mentioned in the novel, but to watch the movements of innumerable insects, I failed to recognise the 'amber-coloured butterflies which only Egdon produced,' indeed the only butterflies or moths which could be called 'amber-coloured' or nearly approaching that shade were the countless pale tawny 'Small Heaths,' and the 'Clouded Buffs,' which latter a novelist might be allowed to call butterflies though they are really day-flying moths ; but I am perfectly certain that neither of these species would have taken the liberty of 'alighting on Clym's bowed back,' or of 'sporting with the glittering point of his hook as he flourished it.'

I have often wondered what species the Wessex magician had in his mind ; but Hardy was not so great an entomologist as he was a novelist and poet.

My second tramp through the Hardy country took place in a far more memorable summer—that of 1914. It is a heath very much

smaller than 'Egdon' of which I recall a picture: Canford Heath, not far from Wimborne with its ancient Minster. In one part of this a tract of sandy gravel was intersected by a shallow stream where dragonflies, blue, orange, and white, flashed their brilliant wings, while upon the sandy waste those rather curious long-legged butterflies the 'Graylings' were present in large numbers. They seem to prefer sitting to flying, and sun themselves on warm rock or sand, refusing to bestir themselves till one is almost upon them. With their folded wings of brown, ochre, and grey, they match very closely with their surroundings. This part of the heath seemed very popular with the tribe.

The last days of that Dorsetshire walk hold memories of the Great War, for on July 22, sitting on the Nothe at Weymouth, I watched seventy warships that had taken part in the review at Spithead enter Portland Harbour. These and others anchored there and in Weymouth Bay. In the usual course of things they would all have dispersed on the 25th. Some actually went away, only to reappear on the 26th. Many folks asked why. The ultimatum to Germany a few days later answered that question.

A glorious month on the Somersetshire coast recalls some charming pictures that were enriched by both butterflies and wild flowers. I stayed first at Watchet, a small and not very interesting seaport, but situated hard by delightful country. The manager of the local bank was an entomologist full of enthusiasm, and he had a most extensive collection beautifully arranged. He suggested as a happy hunting ground what he called the Mineral Track; this was a disused light railway that ran for some four or five miles into the hills, where a mine had at one time been worked. The track was kept nominally in use by the passage once a day of two or three trucks, but otherwise was quite deserted. It was overgrown with grasses and gay with wild flowers, of which I saw some forty varieties. On one side of the track were open meadows, on the other, thick woodlands descended to the very edge of the line. 'Peacocks,' 'Red Admirals,' 'Small Tortoiseshells,' 'Blues,' 'Small Coppers,' and a host of commoner butterflies played about the track, while very occasionally a 'Silver-washed Fritillary' would emerge from the woodlands. Close to one part of the track is the village of Cleve, and near by the well-kept and interesting ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of Cleve. On the south side of this building was a small walled court paved with emerald turf, while in the walls grew great tufts of red valerian, about which 'Red

Admirals' and 'Peacocks' hovered. Yet another unforgotten spot was the beautiful old vicarage garden of Dunster (that unspoiled village), jewelled with old-fashioned flowers and brilliant butterflies.

'There is a green hill far away' (it is in Surrey) of which I retain the happiest recollections. During a series of many years, on one or two days in summer or autumn I reclined upon its thymy crest, and while I ate my modest lunch, gazed upon one of the fairest scenes in that fair county of Surrey. In late May or early June one could, while lulled by the drowsy hum of countless bees, watch numberless 'Common Blues,' 'Small Heaths,' 'Small Coppers,' and the charming 'Green Hairstreaks,' in their suits of green-lined brown, flutter from one plant to another.

Here on one never-to-be-forgotten day of June I found a colony of the beautiful 'Clifden' or 'Adonis Blues' in possession of my favourite tract. As all entomologists know, these brilliant insects, that look as though fashioned of turquoise-blue enamel, are extremely local in their choice of habitation. They will quite unaccountably make a sudden appearance upon some comparatively small tract of downland, stay perhaps for several seasons, and then as unaccountably as they arrived so will they disappear. For how much longer than two seasons this particular colony frequented this particular hill I cannot say, as I left London for Hampshire towards the close of the Great War. But I kept that discovery of 'Adonis Blues' to myself—had I announced it among fashionable arrivals in one of the entomological journals, professional and amateur collectors would have descended 'like a wolf on the fold' upon that devoted colony, nor would one of them have been left alive.

Another Surrey hill I have cause to remember is Box Hill. It was many years earlier when, wandering there leisurely without net or box one summer afternoon, I saw a distinguished-looking old gentleman sitting in a bath chair drawn by a donkey. A man, who looked like a gardener, walked by the donkey's head. As the cavalcade passed close to me I realised that the old gentleman was George Meredith, and I had an impulse to accost and thank him for many pleasant hours, but luckily refrained from what he would doubtless have deemed a mere impertinence. The man who looked like a gardener was, I fancy, the lucky individual to whom Meredith gave or left the MS. of one of his novels, which later he disposed of through the good offices of a friend of mine for a fairly large sum.

In Hampshire, that most favoured of butterfly counties, I

lived during the first five years of peace, leaving it with regret in the autumn of 1923. My house was perched on the top of the chalk downs, three miles south of Winchester. Here each summer came a colony of 'Marbled Whites' whose beat was just outside my gate for about half a mile along a low hedgerow. Here each August, on a particular part of the golf links, came a small party of 'Clouded Yellows.' Here in the garden, attracted by the honey-scented buddleias, came hosts of 'Red Admirals,' 'Peacocks,' and 'Small Tortoiseshells,' while the downs themselves swarmed every year with countless specimens of the beautiful pale silver-shot 'Chalk Hill Blues.' In the valley immediately below our down ran the Itchen, its slowly flowing waters singing sleepy lullabies as they passed the reedy banks. Upon these banks that handsome insect the 'Scarlet Tiger Moth' might every year be found. About four miles distant on the Old Sarum Road was Crab Wood, beloved of all Winchester College boys who were butterfly-hunters. In this wood was a lovely glade where hundreds of beautiful 'Brimstone' butterflies loved to sport. In Harewood Forest, a few miles north-west of Winchester, I have sat at the foot of Hudson's 'Dead Man's Plack' to watch as he did for that monarch of the oaks, the 'Purple Emperor,' but with, alas! the same ill fortune. The most notable of all my butterfly days in that five years was spent in a part of the New Forest far off the beaten track—in fact, about six miles from anywhere.

Passing through lovely Fritham, I reached Latchmere Bottom, and so to Fritham Plain, which stretched between the enclosures of Sloden and Holly Hatch. On the Plain itself are to be seen many handsome 'High Brown Fritillaries' among the bracken and heather. These butterflies never enter the woods, but sport in the open. Then I made for the south-west entrance to Sloden enclosure. It was a brilliant day in mid-July, and I found myself in a veritable fairyland—a long grassy glade through the Forest, bordered by brambles, tall thistles, ragwort, and other wild flowers; behind these stretched a lovely tangled undergrowth above which towered the Forest trees. Fluttering up and down this glade were hundreds, possibly thousands, of the great 'Silver-washed Fritillary,' the males an unvarying rich sienna brown, the females a soberer brown of varying shades, and among these females quite a considerable number of the 'Valesina' variety (only found in the New Forest), those lovely olive-green insects that have very dark, almost black varieties of their own. They flew all about me without fear,

settling on brambles and thistles—indeed on one tall thistle I counted no less than seventeen.

Among the Fritillaries flew dozens of 'Brimstone' butterflies, the males a rich yellow, the females a delicate aquamarine, while from the oak trees there continually swooped down in the most graceful of all butterfly flights hundreds of 'White Admirals,' with their black and white wings, which have a lining of the most delicate pale blue and fawn mosaic. Now and again I watched the flashing descent from some tall tree of that miniature 'Emperor' the 'Purple Hairstreak,' and once or twice noted the rich dusky brown of a 'Large Tortoiseshell' settled upon a clump of holly. A midsummer day's dream not easily forgotten, and the last of all my episodes, for the county where I now live is somewhat bare of butterflies, and *anno Domini* has put an end to my long country tramps.

W. COURTHOPE FORMAN.

THE HORNBEAM HEDGE.

BY WINIFRED F. PECK.

ON an evening in the early June of 1828 the whiskered gentlemen and neat little milliners who were walking along Upper Brook Street may have looked up with some surprise. Over the door of No. 11 hung a hatchment, and from the windows above came the reflection of a blazing fire, strangely out of keeping with the gilded heat of the summer evening. It was indeed a notable blaze, for its flames were devouring a fantastic patchwork of history. Into it two trustworthy executors were dropping every paper, every letter, every diary of Anne Seymour Damer. Her long life of eighty years had ended on May 28 of that year, and by her own orders its written records ended with her.

‘Why did she leave these directions, sir?’ inquired one of them, holding out reluctantly to the blaze a letter from Charles James Fox.

‘Heaven knows!’ The other shrugged his shoulders. ‘She was vain enough, and sufficiently fond of notoriety in her time for one to have expected full directions for extensive Memoirs. But her orders were explicit, as you know.’

‘Perhaps she thought her statues and her name gave her immortality enough. Or possibly some literary friend discouraged the idea. These incessant Memoirs are indeed becoming an intolerable nuisance.’

‘Possibly,’ agreed his co-executor, yawning. ‘And yet to me, I admit, it’s something of a mystery.’

To those who have studied the career of Mrs. Damer, literary lady, sculptress, traveller, and, above all, woman of the world, the enigma remains. Here is the suggestion of a not improbable interview which might afford a not impossible explanation.

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All day long the rain had been falling pitilessly, and all day the postillion had been awaiting, with cheerful pessimism, an accident to the left front wheel of the coach. If, in his simple philosophy, parties chose to have coaches only fit for light work in London driven through the dirtiest lanes of Hampshire, parties must put up with the consequences. It was a bit of rare luck that the coachman

had brought his horses to a standstill in an unknown village just before the wheel swerved and buckled over. The owner of the coach emerged with no worse complaint than fright and indignation, and no longer needed any assurance that a visit to the village blacksmith was essential. These great ladies, and Mrs. Damer was a very great lady, needed to see things were wrong before they'd believe an honest warning.

'Then I must needs retire to the inn,' said Mrs. Damer, drawing her grey cloak round her in an attitude of Greek tragedy. 'It must be that house opposite us, I presume.'

Mrs. Damer's footman picked up her writing-case and advanced to the long low house which lay at the cross-roads of the little village. The maid followed him with jewel-case and packages, and Mrs. Damer walked last, with due dignity, like a Bishop in a procession. Arriving with as much majesty as such a dignitary, she was horrified to find the door closing upon her astonished servants.

'It is not an inn, madam, but a lady's residence,' explained the footman. 'The inn is some little distance away.'

Mrs. Damer was staring at the deserted village green, the widening puddles and dripping thatched roofs of the cottages, with the dignified disgust against a malevolent Providence suitable to her position, when, suddenly, the door opened again.

'My young lady bids me to say she entreats you to come in and shelter, you having been mistaken, as you may say.'

Very majestically Mrs. Damer forgave Providence and followed the man into the little hall. Her man and maid were motioned through a creaking swing-door into the servants' quarters, and Mrs. Damer herself was ushered into a long low drawing-room. On that stormy spring afternoon the room was full of shadows, but from the cheerful fireside a smiling little lady rose to greet her.

'Your servant, madam,' said Mrs. Damer, bowing majestically. 'I am truly obliged to you for your hospitality.'

Her hostess looked up appreciatively. This, she told herself, was the best pre-Revolution style, not often to be encountered in the year 1816. Only once or twice had she seen the tip-toe walk, the clasped hands, fashionable in the great world some forty years ago. ('I longed to imitate,' she confided later to her sister, 'but my tongue was so much occupied in finding the correct greetings that my toes had no opportunity. We were so vastly obliged and so excessively concerned, we so feared to obtrude and were so concerned to offer no better accommodation, that I thought I should

never get my lady to the sofa. Once there, I wondered what conversation should support us for two hours or three hours, or for whatever hours a wheel needs to be mended, but my fears were superfluous indeed !')

If the little hostess was taking stock of her visitor with her bright eyes during these introductory speeches, the interest was returned. Mrs. Damer noticed approvingly the bookcase which occupied the space once filled by a window opening on the high road, the view through the new casements of a neat little garden, bordered by a hornbeam hedge, where the storm was making havoc of budding fruit trees and blossoming wallflowers. Her life in high society had led her very seldom into a room so small yet so full of delicate refinement, or into the companionship of a lady so quiet, so unpretentious and yet so completely self-possessed. There was, indeed, a strange contrast between the two women who sat facing each other by the high, shining grate. Mrs. Damer was nearing her seventieth year. Clearly in her youth she had been distinguished by her tall, slender grace, by sparkling eyes and the character given to any face by full, pouting lips over a small well-poised chin. Now her figure was thin and scraggy, her eyes prominent and dull ; the lips had lost their shape through want of teeth ; the double chin sagged over a wrinkled neck. Her hostess, if past her first youth, possessed all the composed charm of a woman whose appearance has never given her either despair or pleasure, or any emotion but a determination to look as neat as possible. Mrs. Damer's affected, dictatorial manner, her pose of genius, her dignified demand for admiration, contrasted very strangely with the quiet, composed humour of her little companion's regard. One was a vain old lady of a certain period, the other the detached spectator of life in any country or any century.

'And now we must introduce ourselves !' said Mrs. Damer, her survey of the room accomplished. 'My name is—Damer, Mrs. Anne Damer.' ('There was a flourish of trumpets in the air as she spoke,' reported Mrs. Damer's audience later, 'so that while I was bowing I was raking my memory for the air they played. Just in time I recollected myself. I would never have done so but for my visit to Henley with kind Henry.')

'Everyone, madam, knows both your work and your name,' I ventured.

'You are too kind !' Mrs. Damer was too much gratified to be affected. 'Which, I wonder, of my works have you seen ?'

'At the bridge over the Thames at Henley, madam. Everyone knows——' ('Oh, were those heads Adam and Eve,' wondered the little lady distractedly, 'or the Prince Regent and Princess Royal?')

'My Thames and Isis?' Mrs. Damer came unwittingly to the rescue. 'They are not the least well-known of my statuary, though there are others I prefer. You have perhaps seen my figure of His Majesty in Edinburgh, or some of my more notable busts of famous characters?'

('I explained that I had never travelled.' So the relieved hostess described the scene to her sister afterwards. 'And to conceal my ignorance murmured my own name, never for one moment assuming that it would prove familiar to her. How glad was I that I had acquitted myself so well over her productions, for scarcely had I murmured it before her eye fell on the books on the Pembroke table, and she flung up her hands and eyes at once in the approved manner of last century!')

'It is you, madam! This is indeed a coincidence, a curious coincidence! That two women as much before the public eye as you and myself should be thus brought together by the chance of a broken wheel! I know you, I know all about you! Lady Morley has spoken of you, Lord Egremont has raved to me of you. You are the authoress of those charming works I see on yonder table. No, my dear madam, don't blush and disavow. I know all about you!'

'You have my secret, such as it is, madam,' said the little lady, blushing but resigned. 'My works are certainly very small and insignificant compared with yours! May I venture to hope you will join me in some luncheon?'

Mrs. Damer sat, monumental and abstracted, as Robert, the manservant, entered with a tray of cold meat, preserves, and fruits. The hostess did the honours composedly, recognising with a smile that here was an intentional silence, on Mrs. Damer's part, a notable and pregnant silence. Since she herself had become known as an authoress she had received so many strange confidences, so many unexpected self-revelations, that she was prepared, she told herself, to assist at the birth of any idea. ('Though one so misshapen and grotesque I had certainly never expected!'—she told her sister.)

'I have been thinking, I have been considering!' said Mrs. Damer abruptly, putting down her glass of orange wine. 'Fate has brought me here! Yes, in this little accident of mine I see the hand of destiny.'

Her hostess bowed. It was the only way to conceal her smile.

'Listen to me, madam. I am an old woman and I have seen the world, and I may venture therefore to speak my mind. Your skill, your execution are admirable, but your aims and the characters of your novels are narrow and limited. That is the common criticism of your work. I have heard it again and again. Only the other day I heard my dear friend, Mr. Fox's nephew, contesting the point hotly, but it is true: you must acknowledge it to be true. "Had she but more knowledge of life and human experience," said a stander-by, "her talent would be akin to genius!"'

'As you see, madam,' said the hostess placably, 'I live so retired that I must always, I fear, be wanting in such parts. I have no flights of imagination to help me. I can only paint what I see and know.'

'That is true. That brings me to my second point. On my side I have long felt a need which grows with the years. I have had a long life, a wonderful and tragic life. In its course I have mixed with the greatest minds of the age. I have seen love and hate, virtue and vice, in conflict in the very highest circles. I have correspondence of the greatest interest from all the eminent men and women of yesterday and to-day. Had I time I could compose a memoir of outstanding interest, but always there is the battle with my work. My tools call me, my marble beckons to me, and the pen slips from my fingers. It shall be for you—yes, for you, madam—to give the story of my life to the world!'

'But stay, dear madam!' The little lady broke in determinedly with twinkling eyes. 'You honour me inexpressibly; I own myself flattered and much gratified. But one thing has become certain to me, since my work has given me an enlarged circle of friends, and it is that, though criticism may be imparted, inspiration can never be. Lately I drew up the plot of a mock novel incorporating the suggestions of my friends: it would stretch, madam, into some hundred volumes. The Prince's Librarian suggested to me that I should portray in one work the character of a perfect clergyman, in another the life-stories of the royal house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. To me such beings are as legendary as the sea-serpent. Human nature I can describe as I view it, in my own way, but that is all. On my little pieces of ivory I can trace my tiny miniatures, but for any other work I am as unsuitable as I should be, madam, were I to pick up your chisel and start upon a figure of the Colossus.'

'But it is precisely there, dear madam, that this great work to

which I invite you would assist you. You shall visit me, you shall live in closest intimacy with my circle. You shall escape the petty preoccupations of low, scheming, second-rate minds, and live in a finer, rarer atmosphere. You shall comprehend the sensations of great actors, authors, nobles, and statesmen: you shall discover high romance and meet with real tragedy. You shall learn to know me!

'But suppose, madam'—the hostess rose and stood by the fire, with flushed cheeks—'suppose, after all, that I found this great world no very different from the world I know! Its setting, clothing, scenery would be more magnificent, but in it, my sense assures me, I should find as many foibles and absurdities, as much weakness and vulgarity of mind, as in my own. And if my sense of the ridiculous prevailed with me, as I am uncomfortably secure that it would, my effort would be but a poor return for your hospitality and your kindness.'

Mrs. Damer held in her hand a little shagreen tooth-pick case, and now she tapped it imperiously on the table.

'Your contention is absurd, my dear lady, absurd. Leaving rank and wealth aside for the moment, you must admit that joy and tragedy alike are heightened when they befall men and women of eminence in the world. Sensibility is the prerogative of the highly civilised, nor is it an enviable one. We artists know too well that our sufferings and our bliss are beyond the conception of ordinary mortals.'

'Beyond their expression rather than their conception, I should venture to suggest. I am assured, madam, that your story, and the stories of your friends, would suggest to my irreverent mind a thousand parallels in the lower life I know so well. I have never been a party to those who can see romance only beneath a coronet, and the beauties of nature only when they are framed by strawberry leaves. Greatness and littleness of soul are, they must always be, independent of circumstance.'

'I understand! I understand!' said Mrs. Damer, gathering her draperies majestically around her. 'You are one of those who can only be convinced by demonstration, who live by sight rather than by faith. Listen, then, to the story of my life! Let that assure you of your inexperience and ignorance!'

The hostess bowed. At least, she reflected, she would have an opportunity of taking a little luncheon herself—at last.

'Born and brought up in surroundings of the greatest comfort by

my parents, Field-Marshal Henry Conway and his wife, the Countess of Aylesbury, I was conscious from an early age of ambitions and powers beyond those of the frivolous circle to which I belonged.' ('So far,' reflected the little lady opposite, over her cold lamb, 'so far, certainly, she wrote in her memoir for herself once, before her tools called her!') 'My mother was a famous beauty, my sister, who became Duchess of Richmond, a reigning toast. I had my share of good looks, I must admit, but it was for me to make my niche in my world by my talents rather than by my appearance.'

('Our Patty,' reflected the listener, 'told me that as her mother was so handsome, and her elder sister so popular, she made up her own mind that hers should be the lightest hand at pastry.')

'My choice of an artistic career was dictated by a curious chance. I was but a girl of sixteen when, walking with the famous Mr. Hume, the historian, we saw a lad selling little statuettes. "He may be ignorant, but he can do what you cannot!" said Mr. Hume reprovingly, when I rebuked him for speaking with the boy. Home I went, and set to work to model wax. "That is easier than marble," was all that Mr. Hume would allow. To marble I turned and chiselled a bust of Mr. Hume himself, to his profound admiration. After that I engaged masters to instruct me; I have studied in every gallery in Europe. Here, perhaps, I may allow myself to consider, was a remarkable choice and persistence in it.'

'My niece Caroline,' observed the authoress, 'has set to work to write novels at the tender age of seven because her brother and sister pronounce her incapable of it. Any motive may set a woman of any age to work, I fancy.'

'But not to excel in it—not to make it the object of her youth, the enjoyment of her middle-life, the consolation of her old age.'

'No, indeed, madam. But there must have been a moment, if you will pardon me, when you were unfaithful to your art. Your name betokens that you are married, and such infidelity is ever excusable in a woman.'

'Yes, I married,' said Mrs. Damer. Suddenly her confident figure seemed to shrink in her chair, and the firelight showed new lines in her face. 'Other more exalted suitors failed me, and so—I married Mr. Damer, Lord Milton's son.'

('Here is the story of Maria Rushworth,' reflected the authoress. 'Mrs. Damer's art availed her in love no more than Maria's knowledge of the Emperors as low as Severus!')

'I married,' continued Mrs. Damer, consoling herself into

magnificence again by the sense of her own drama, 'into my own rank and class. For some years I lived in the gayest of European circles. This world knows little of the extravagance, the beauty, and the frivolity of those days before the Revolution. My father-in-law pulled down the whole village around his gates merely to improve the view from his Abbey; my husband left some fifteen hundred suits in his wardrobe when he died. Well do I remember dangling over my mother's loo table the new ear-rings he gave me in early days. Four thousand guineas they were worth, and she lost as much that evening before she rose from her cards. I knew splendour and happiness, and I knew tragedy and ruin. Mr. Damer, heir to £30,000 a year, killed himself in a fit of drunken despair over his debts, and I was left a widow, and well-nigh penniless in my efforts to repay them. Can you match this in your cloistered experience of life?'

The hostess was silent. Before the reality of affliction she was respectful and dumb. But a memory darted through her quick mind. 'Tom Paxton,' she reflected, 'got work as a keeper at fifteen shillings a week, after a happy penniless life as a poacher. He was so upset by his riches that he hanged himself two years later, leaving his wife not a penny to pay for his funeral expenses. She would understand Mrs. Damer's feelings I imagine, though never would my lady admit it!'

'I lived on: my art sustained me,' said Mrs. Damer proudly. 'I had my friends and they believed in my genius. I travelled constantly, I worked incessantly. At times I would emerge from seclusion to mix in the world. I made no little name as an actress in the private plays at my sister, the Duchess' home. I was one of those ladies who helped Mr. Fox in the Westminster election—some said my help availed him more than Her Grace of Devonshire's. I have curtsied to Marie Antoinette, I have spoken with Voltaire. Madame de Staël was my friend; Dr. Johnson I have met. All the wit and fashion of fifty years have frequented my studio. The late Earl of Orford, most constant and earliest of my friends, left me his estate of Strawberry Hill. I have carved the bust of the great hero Nelson in Lady Hamilton's presence. The unhappy Crown Princess relies on my friendship. With these hands I carved the bust of Mr. Charles Fox, and with them presented it myself to the great Emperor of France a year ago, in his brief return to power. May I ask, dear madam, if here in this secluded spot, you have any conception of a life like mine? That you should visit me and share my memories and my correspondence, that you should, in short,

acquaint yourself with my life and give it to the world, is, it seems to me in all modesty, no small an opportunity for you ; it is no insignificant treasure you reject so hastily.'

The hostess recalled herself with a start. Smilingly she realised that she was shamefully tempted to yield to the lowest temptation of an author, and quote her own works. 'I assure you,' said Mrs. Bennett, offended, 'I can assure you there is quite as much of all that going on in the country as in town !' Why should she seek to accustom her pen to grand names, majestic palaces, and historic personages when behind them all, she was fully assured, lurked that ordinary human nature, offensive and absurd, lovable and pitiable, which she could study as well in her own circle ? And why, oh why, most of all must the world come to her unasked with suggestions for her pen, when all she wanted was to be left alone with the vivid, bright little creatures of her fancy, who danced so readily at her piping between the sparkling hearth and the hornbeam hedge ? How was she, without rudeness, to convince her importunate benefactress that she had no desire to portray the character whose guiding principle was clear to her already, whose adventures were too remote to afford her any real interest ?

'You are goodness itself, madam,' she said mechanically, 'but, alas, I fear I must cling to my refusal. Such a task would be beyond me. Never, I fear, could I attempt so ambitious an undertaking. I told Mr. Clarke, the Librarian, most truly, that I could not sit down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life, and if it was indispensable for me never to relax into laughing at myself or other people I am sure I should be hanged before I had finished the first chapter. How much more would this be true of a volume of *Memoirs*, and of *Memoirs* such as yours, madam !'

'There would be full scope for your wit !' Mrs. Damer's brow was clouded. 'My life, as I say, has been spent among the most brilliant spirits of Europe. The Earl of Orford was almost a father to me. Countless letters signed by Horace Walpole himself, besides those which are public already, would be yours to reproduce, and his wit, madam, is, I imagine, unquestioned even by your genius !'

'Wit, madam, yes, but of humour I am not so sure. Such characters, I imagine, are hardly enough on a level with the ordinary world for me to love their absurdities and therefore to laugh at them. Indeed I must decline : my heart would never be in such a task. Never do I read gossip or self-revelation in the biography or memoirs of a great man without feeling I have lost something of romance, something of illusion. It needs greater skill than

mine to make its way through the foibles of humanity to the sublime, and mine is not the spirit to achieve any such memorial without the constant melancholy reflection, the inevitable epitaph—'

She paused.

'What is that, madam?' queried Mrs. Damer.

'Vanity of vanities, madam, all is vanity.'

('I could have bitten my tongue out when I realised what I had said!' so the speaker's sister was assured. 'I had but the words of the Scriptures in my mind, and I quoted them without a thought of their further meaning. Yet at once I realised that I had given expression to what had seemed to me so far the only characteristic of my great lady. What was it but overwhelming vanity which had dominated her in her art, in matrimony, and in all her relations to the world? And yet what business had I, an insignificant little spinster, to give vent to my feelings thus? It was really a glaring, if accidental, impertinence, and yet I am glad of it. For a moment her great eyes looked at me fiercely, and then they grew soft, and she fell back in her chair.'

'My dear,' she said, 'you speak the truth.' At that moment I loved her, at that moment I saw in her some greatness beyond the ordinary, but yet my determination not to become a Court Circular did not waver for a moment.)

'Well, well!' It was Mrs. Damer who spoke again, for her critic was not one to seek by hasty protests to repair a blunder. 'It is interesting to have met you, and in you to have encountered the new world. You belong, my dear, to a generation harder, more sensible, less tolerant of romance than my own. Tell me now candidly. What do you propose I should do with all the records of my life; records, remember, of not a little interest to posterity?'

'I cannot tell, madam.' The hostess' eyes fell unwittingly upon the glowing embers, and Mrs. Damer's followed hers. 'How can I tell? I only know that I have charged my dear sister to consign to the flames any papers that tell of the secrets, the inner history of my life. But how, madam, can I judge for you, whose records are of a world of fame or fashion? You see'—she paused a moment and then took courage—'You see that hornbeam hedge yonder? We planted it on our arrival to protect ourselves from the gaze of the outer world. Five miles away our neighbours have cleared away all the trees in their park to allow a full view of their new and magnificent mansion from the road. How can I tell whether the pride which dictates the one is any less reprehensible than the vanity which dictates the other? There is a saying of Dr. Johnson's

which often comes into my mind, "I am fond of the company of ladies. I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vitality—and I like their silence." So, madam, I have chosen to shelter in silence behind my hornbeam hedge.'

The rain was over, and the sun was chasing the great white clouds across the sky above the quiet spring meadows. Its rays fell full upon the gilded wallflowers and the glittering green of the high, criss-cross budding hedge behind them. Mrs. Damer and her hostess were regarding it in silence, when from the road came the sound of coach wheels, and from the creaking door into the servants' quarters a stir and bustle as Mrs. Damer's servants went out to greet it.

'I must bid you farewell, with my most sincere thanks for your hospitality!' Mrs. Damer rose, the ceremonious, affected, great lady of the world once more. 'May your hedge flourish, but may your works endure, madam. That must be my last wish to you.'

'Your works, madam, will certainly be seen and admired, when mine lie unread in the corners of forgotten libraries!' ('Indeed,' reflected the speaker, 'I am picking up the grand style with remarkable readiness!') 'And you will forgive me and believe that I am grateful if unambitious? Farewell, dear madam.'

'Cassie! Cassie!' Hardly had the heavy coach rolled away, after due courtesies, when the little lady ran lightly to the creaking door and called excitedly: 'Cassie! Leave those preserves and come directly for a quiet coze. Oh, why did you stay wrapped up in them? I have had such a visitor! Lady Catherine de Burgh, with a chisel in her hand and wits in her brain, and a heart, yes, a real heart hidden in her satin and laces! And I behaved so improperly! Come quickly, Cassie!'

And so, a minute later, the two little arm-chairs, so suggestive, in their upright sociability, of lives of dainty self-control and delicate restraint, were drawn up to the fire, and Cassandra sat listening to the description of Mrs. Damer by her sister, Jane Austen.

It was in consequence of this visit, let it be imagined, that the fire burned so brightly in Upper Brook Street at the beginning of June in the year 1828. Anne Damer lies buried, with her sculptor's tools and the ashes of her favourite dog, in the churchyard of Sundridge in Kent. Unknown, or only partially revealed, she moves through the busy memoirs of her time, in the pages of Horace Walpole and the Misses Berry. She chose to shelter herself, at the last, behind the hornbeam hedge.

XANADU IN THE ANTIPODES.

A FEW hours' run from Auckland on the line to Rotorua lies the little wayside station of Hangatiki. There our party left the train on a November evening and for an enchanting half-hour drove out into the hills, with the golden light casting its glamour over the settled beauty of the quiet pastures, rich in the green verdure of their early summer growth of grasses and clovers, and thickly dotted with grazing sheep and cattle.

Out among the hills, we left our cars by the roadside and walked in the falling darkness along a steep path through the wild loveliness of the thick native bush that clothed the slope of the hills. In the dim light the great tree ferns and the interlacing branches of the other trees looked like some weird Rackham drawing, while above us a late bird was singing a lovely evening song, whose cadences alone broke the stillness of the bush. Our path stopped short at a low door in the side of the hill, half hidden in tangled ferns. Opening this door, we entered the 'Aranui' caves. The original Aranui, who discovered them, was a Maori hunter. One day in 1911, when hunting wild pig, he was puzzled to see the quarry, and his dog in pursuit, suddenly disappear into the heart of the hill. Fearing the spells of some powerful enchanter, the Maori reported the strange happening to some white farmers, and led them to the spot. There they found the opening to the caves. From this sole entrance, the series of limestone caverns run back a quarter of a mile in a succession of lofty chambers up to sixty feet in height. To-day they are well lit by electric lights, which show off the wonderful beauties of the pendent stalactites and the sister stalagmites that rise up to meet them, crystal white, or tinged with an occasional rich brown. A thousand fantastic shapes fall from the roofs of the caverns in thick pillars, in hanging swords, in folding curtains, in fretted vaults, or are built up in statues, in weird recesses, in arches and balconies and organ lofts. The imagination naturally finds resemblances in these crystal forms and shapes to things human and the works of man, but unfortunately our well-meaning local guide was not prepared to allow our imaginations any free play in this exercise, and insisted on

drawing attention to the marvels of the 'Crystal Palace,' 'the Fairies' Grotto,' 'Aladdin's Cave,' and other such allusive names.

Beautiful as these Aranui caves were, a greater wonder was to follow. It was quite dark by the time we left them and stumbled down the steep path through the bush, in which numbers of glow-worms had now lit their lamps. But the glow-worms in the bush were the merest foretaste of the marvels of the Waitomo caves, which we next entered. These were first explored in 1879 by an adventurous farmer named Mace. As in the Aranui caves, the entrance is by a small opening in the side of a wooded hill, and leads into a series of lofty stalactite-hung caverns, which descend in a steep succession of chambers into the depths of the earth. Down through these we went, and on our way passed a little cave, which we stopped to examine. Its low roof was shining with innumerable points of light. These, on closer inspection, proved to be glow-worms, and the small compass of this little glow-worm chamber gave us the opportunity of watching one, surely, of the most marvellous romances of nature. A species of gnat lays its eggs on the roofs of such of the caves as have water in them. The eggs hatch out into little glutinous larvæ which, from their perches on the roof, proceed to let down a kind of sticky silver thread. They then light their lamps and await results. Attracted by the light, insects fly up from the water below and are promptly entangled in the sticky threads. Whereupon the glow-worms proceed slowly to haul up their lines and eat their prey. All this hunting we were enabled to watch at close quarters in the little cave. If any noise is made, the glow-worms douse their lamps; and when we raised our voices above the whispering silence in which we had examined these marvels, one after another the lights were put out until the cave was plunged in darkness. These glow-worms are peculiar to New Zealand, and being, the learned tell me, the larvæ of gnats, have no affinity with our English glow-worms, which are the adult females of a species of beetle.

Leaving this chamber, we descended still further into the hill, until we came to an underground river flowing black through the lowest caves. By the dim light of an electric torch we embarked on a boat, and, guided by an invisible rope, drifted out of the darkness of the first cavern into a series of vaulted chambers illuminated by myriads of the glow-worms, whose lamps studded the roofs in countless numbers of phosphorescent emerald stars. Looking up from the boat, it was as if all the stars of heaven of the

first magnitude had clustered thickly into a new and brighter milky way and were shining down upon us. So strong was their light that we could clearly see each other's faces, and the weird shapes of the stalactites all round us shone with a pale radiance, while the reflection of the starry roof shimmered again in the black waters of the river. In a silence broken only by the slow splash of the dripping stalactites we drifted through the caves, their glittering roofs now high above us, now descending so low that their jagged spears left only a narrow passage for the boat; and so out through a rocky water-gate into a wooded gorge to see the real stars of the night sky shining pale and scattered through the trees. Then back again through the glow-worm caverns to our subterranean landing stage, and out by the opening in the hillside, all of us dazed and silent from the sheer wonder of the place. It was a thing of fantasy, seemingly unreal and impossible. The Xanadu that Coleridge dreamed of was not more fantastic than the River Alph on which we voyaged, and the 'caverns measureless to man' of his imagining were, at any rate, not lit by a myriad glow-worms.

GERVAS HUXLEY.

PORTRAITURE IN 'LAVENGRO.'

AN ESSAY IN IDENTIFICATION.

BY ANDREW BOYLE.

LITTLE justice has been done to Borrow as a literary portrait painter. He has given us in 'Lavengro' half a dozen exquisite sketches of minor celebrities, whimsical in character but of such meticulous accuracy as to astonish a hostile contemporary critic. Yet little has been done to establish the identity of these characters. In the case we propose to discuss—that of the editor of the *Oxford Review*—two attempts, indeed, have been made, but both wide of the mark; neither of the identifications fits the portrait.

It will be recollected that Borrow, after his arrival in London, was taken by the publisher [Sir Richard Phillips] to see the editor of the *Oxford* [*Universal Review*]; here is Borrow's picture of him:

'The intended editor was a little old man who sat in a kind of wooden pavilion in a small garden behind a house in one of the purlieus of the city, composing tunes upon a piano. The walls of the pavilion were covered with fiddles of various sizes and appearances, and a considerable portion of the floor occupied by a pile of books all of one size. The publisher introduced him to me as a gentleman scarcely less eminent in literature than in music, and me to him as an aspirant critic—a young gentleman scarcely less eminent in literature than in philology. The conversation consisted entirely of compliments till just before we separated, when the future editor inquired of me whether I had ever read Quintilian, and, on my replying in the negative, expressed his surprise that any gentleman should aspire to become a critic who had never read Quintilian, with the comfortable information, however, that he could supply me with a Quintilian at half-price, that is, of a translation made by himself some years previously, of which he had, pointing to a heap on the floor, still a few copies remaining unsold. For some reason or other, perhaps a poor one, I did not purchase the editor's translation of Quintilian.

"Sir," said the publisher, as we were returning from our visit to the editor, "you did right in not purchasing a drug. I am not prepared, sir, to say that Quintilian is a drug, never having seen

him ; but I am prepared to say that man's translation is a drug, judging from the heap of rubbish on the floor ; . . ."

Professor Knapp, Borrow's first biographer, states that Phillips' son was the nominal editor (this is what Sir Richard said himself) but that the real chief *sub rosa* was William Gifford, lately retired from the *Quarterly Review* ; as for the Quintilian, that was Gifford's translation of Juvenal. He states this, of course, without producing any evidence to show why Gifford, a relatively wealthy bachelor, should consent to co-operate with one whom he had denounced all his life as a Jacobin—even although this review was to be conducted on high Tory principles. Shortly after the appearance of Knapp's 'Life of Borrow,' Sir Leslie Stephen took up this point in a letter to *Literature* (April 8, 1899) and put his case against Gifford being the editor, his own suggestion being that the editor was John Carey. He says :

'Gifford, it is true, was a little old man ; but at this time he was a rich bachelor with a sinecure of £1000 a year and large savings ; he was living at 6 St. James's Street—not a purlieu. He had edited the *Quarterly* since its start in 1809 ; his health had broken down in 1822 ; the review had fallen into arrears ; and in the autumn of 1824 he resigned the editorship. He was courted or hated by all the leading authors of the day. Is it conceivable that he should just then have undertaken (though *sub rosa*, as Dr. Knapp says) to edit a new review, to be written by literary hacks and published by that singular person, Sir Richard Phillips ? The Quintilian was pronounced by Phillips to be a drug, as Borrow tells us. Now Gifford's Juvenal, as Dr. Knapp himself observes, had reached a third edition in 1817 ; and another edition appeared, I may add, in 1826. Clearly it was not a "drug," and Gifford, though penurious, was not likely to have a pile of unsold copies in his room and to be offering them at half-price to stray visitors.

'Who, then, if not Gifford, was the editor ? I find in "Lowndes Manual" that an edition of Quintilian was published in 1822. The editor was John Carey. Now in the "Dictionary of National Biography" there is a short notice of John Carey (1756-1826), uncle of the American economist Henry C. Carey. Carey was a classical teacher and editor of a number of Latin works. He also edited the *School Magazine* and contributed to the *Monthly Magazine*, both of which belonged to Sir Richard Phillips. Obviously he was exactly the kind of man whom Phillips would be likely to employ as editor. Moreover, he died in 1826 at Prospect Place, Lambeth, which was then in the purlieu and might probably have a small garden.

I submit, therefore, that Carey was the editor and that Quintilian was Quintilian. Though Borrow puts a translation instead of an edition, he did not appear even to have opened the book.'

Professor Knapp evidently saw this suggestion, for he returned to the subject in a note to his edition of 'Lavengro.' He says: 'My information is positive that it was Wm. Gifford, translator of Juvenal, 1802, 3rd edition, 1817.' His information, however positive, he does not give; but there is this to be said for it. We know that Borrow was acquainted with Gifford, for, in Shorter's 'George Borrow and his Circle' there is a letter in which Gifford gives his opinion of a play which Borrow has been asked by a friend to submit to Gifford. The letter indicates a certain familiarity and must have been written at this time, for Gifford died in 1826.

John Carey, too, had certainly worked for Phillips, but this in itself counts for little; most authors of the book-compiling class had, at some time or other, worked for Phillips. Carey had certainly also edited Quintilian but not translated him; yet Carey did not probably have a pile of copies left for disposal at half-price any more than Gifford had translations of Juvenal to hawk. These books were sold easily enough by the publishers; it was neither necessary nor worth while for their authors to act also as booksellers, as it might be, for example, in the case of works published 'for the author' or by subscription.

Gifford and Carey were, at that time, 'little old men'—both sixty-eight years of age—but there the comparison comes to an end; for neither of them composed tunes on the piano in a wooden pavilion hung round with fiddles; nor could they be described, even by Sir Richard, who was not a particular man, as 'scarcely less eminent in literature than in music.' Gifford, so far from composing tunes on the piano, did not even possess one of those instruments; it is on record that, when a young lady came to visit him, he hired a piano for her especial delectation. Carey's only connexion with music that I can find is a letter to the *Gentleman's Magazine* (February 1825) on the Latin tonic notation. Incidentally, Carey died in 1829, not 1826, as given in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' and in all references to him in this connexion.

To whom, then, does Borrow's description apply? Clearly it must be to someone who possessed fiddles, composed tunes, had some reputation, at least, in music, and worked for Sir Richard Phillips. The description fits exactly a man who achieved some notice in his time, but who is only remembered to-day, if he is remembered at

all, through being pilloried by his contemporaries. Lord Byron, the brothers Smith, George Daniel, and let me now add George Borrow, have immortalised him. His name was Thomas Busby, Mus.Doc.

He was born in 1755, the son of a coach painter in Westminster. His fine voice attracted notice and he was taken on as a chorister at Westminster Abbey. He worked at literature and music, reporting for a time for the newspapers. His first work was a poem, 'The Age of Genius' (1785), which was admired by Sir Joshua Reynolds. After his marriage with Miss Angier of Earl's Court in 1786, he lived at Battersea for a time, coming to town in a skiff. While manœuvring this he used to compose verses intended for an epic on the 'Defence of Gibraltar.' During the year 1786 he published a 'Dictionary of Music,' which was published in 197 parts, and wrote the music for several operas, including Holcroft's *Tale of Mystery* and many of Reynolds's plays. He fell in with Sir Richard Phillips and was, from its inception, one of the chief contributors to the *Monthly Magazine*. He figures, and there we have the only available portrait of him, in Phillips's 'Public Characters' (1802-3). He compiled for Phillips another 'Dictionary of Music' (1801) which was reprinted several times, the last edition in 1826. Meanwhile, in the midst of composition, elocution, and language lessons, he meditated upon his *magnum opus*, a rhymed translation of Lucretius, the first part of which, he tells us, was finished as early as 1795. This he showed to Lord Grenville and was encouraged by that nobleman to continue the task. His object was to publish the work by subscription, and he conceived the ingenious plan of inviting likely people to tea (with bread and butter) when they were treated to recitations in advance, by Busby's son, George Frederic, of the great poem. Then, no doubt, they were asked to subscribe. Busby seems to have pestered everybody, and his activities were widely known and ridiculed—his Lucretius was more discussed before than after publication. His crowning act of self-advertisement took place at the reopening of Drury Lane Theatre.

An eye-witness, John Britton, thus describes what happened :

'I was among the number [to be present at the Lucretius teas] and must own that the display of poetry, oratory and coxcombray was lamentably ludicrous. Never did I behold a young man more vain, impudent and heartless than the juvenile Busby ; and rarely, perhaps, has the diploma of Mus.Doc. appeared more ridiculous and degraded than by the conduct and appearances of the musical

professor and his farcical son. These gentlemen made a finishing exhibition of themselves on the reopening of the famous Drury Lane Theatre, after its memorable rebuilding. It is generally known that an address was sought for amongst the authors of the age and that in the mass presented was one from Lord Byron accepted and another from Dr. Busby rejected. The mortified and vain doctor fancied he could bring the Committee to shame, if not repentance, by publishing his own poetry and prose in a truly novel manner. Accordingly he and his accomplished son were seen in the stage box of the theatre soon after the opening. At the end of the play the young gentleman leaped upon the stage with his father's rejected address in one hand and an opera hat in the other, and repeated the following lines :

" When energising objects men pursue,
 What are the miracles they cannot do ? "

Here, however, the juvenile spouter was stopped by Mr. Raymer, the stage manager, and a constable, who handed the young gentleman off the stage.'

The above account is in error on one point. The Committee called for addresses, and, dissatisfied with those submitted, approached Lord Byron to write one, which he did, and which was recited. It was then that the Brothers Smith wrote their famous 'Rejected Addresses'; and it is curious to note that of all the actual competitors Busby and Fitzgerald ('Hoarse Fitzgerald') were the only two parodied. Byron, of course, appears, but strictly speaking he was not a competitor, having stipulated that all the poems should be rejected before he agreed to write. Busby's original address may be seen in the 'Genuine Rejected Addresses,' and Smith's parody in the 'Rejected Addresses.' It is to be noted that the parody was prefaced by a note that it was to be recited by the poet's son. Byron subsequently wrote a parody called a 'Parenthetical Address by Dr. Plagiary.'

It is not clear that this advertisement procured Busby any more subscribers to his *Lucretius*; but, in any case, such had been his pertinacity that the list was now a formidable one, and in 1813 the book appeared. It was a royal quarto, two volumes, and inscribed, in terms of the grossest adulation, as published under the auspices of the Prince Regent and dedicated to the Right Hon. Lord Grenville. The list of subscribers is given, classified strictly according to rank—from the august Prince Regent, the Royal Dukes, common Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, and Members

of Parliament down to the vulgar common people—in all well over one thousand subscribers.

Among the names is to be found that of Lord Byron, who is mentioned also in the introduction as one of the greatest poets; so it was rather ungrateful of him to poke fun at the translator. Reference is made to the Earl of Carysfort in the following terms :

‘The intimation from the Earl of Carysfort that his Lordship’s copy of my *Lucretius* is destined to be the intimate companion of Pope’s *Homer* conveys too elevated a compliment for me to know how to report with sufficient delicacy.’

Dr. Busby describes how he secured his subscribers by giving three annual recitations at his house at 36 Queen Anne’s Street. The elocutionist was his son, George Frederic, who distinguished himself by braving the footlights at Drury Lane and who was preparing a translation of the ‘*Thebaid* of Statius.’ In the introduction to the ‘*Waltz*’ ‘*Horace Hornem*’ [Byron] mentions

‘a few hints from Dr. Busby (whose recitations I attend and am monstrous fond of Master Busby’s manner of delivering his father’s late successful Drury Lane Address).’

Other subscribers were Sir Richard Phillips (two copies)—who evidently had bought the book to sell, not read, for he told Borrow he had not read the book—Coleridge, Campbell, Gifford, Carey, Moore, Pye, Capel Lofft, William Ayton, Surr, and Martin Tupper. It was printed for the author—a special copy on atlas paper for the Prince Regent, a certain number on imperial paper for such as desired it, and the rest—it is not clear how many were printed—in royal quarto, two volumes. As has been mentioned, more than a thousand were subscribed for at five guineas (so the author did well out of the transaction), but in 1824, when Borrow met him, Busby still had copies for disposal. He was by then quite an old man—sixty-nine in fact—and was living with a daughter at Queen’s Row, Pentonville, which was certainly a purlieu of the city.

This, then, was the man to whom Sir Richard brought Borrow and who is described in the passage given above; he was a ‘little old man’; he lived in a purlieu; he composed tunes on the pianoforte, and might easily be described as ‘scarcely less eminent in literature than in music.’ The pile of books, all of one size, were the remaining copies of *Lucretius*, which Busby spent his old age in disposing of; as they were printed at his expense and sold

for his advantage, so it was clearly more likely that he would offer one to a casual stranger than that Gifford or Carey or any other author would offer books published in the ordinary way. The substitution of Quintilian for Lucretius was characteristic of Borrow and may have some whimsical reference to the doctor's oratorical prowess.

As for the translation itself, Busby wasted no copies on the reviewers, so we have no reference to it save a spiteful announcement in the column of births: 'Yesterday, in his house at Queen Anne's Street, Dr. Busby, of a still-born Lucretius.'

George Daniel, the author of the 'Modern Dunciad' (1816), says in a note:

'Next to the celebrated Martinus Scriblerus, Doctor Busby is the most profound explorer of the bathos; take the following as a specimen:

"From her this first, this sovereign rule I bring.
All nature's substances from substance spring:
The Gods from nothing ne'er made anything."

But the most transcendent effort of all is the Doctor's account of the atoms:

'These atoms moving from all eternity through immeasurable space, meeting, concussing, rebounding, combining, amassing, according to their smooth, round, angular and jagged figures, have produced all the compound bodies of the universe, animate and inanimate. The more closely and compactly they lie, the more the body they form approximates to perfect solidity; as the condition is less intimate, it will be more vacuous and rare.' (Introduction to Lucretius.)

Daniel in his ode thus apostrophises Busby:

'By nature formed for low debate,
To rhyme, to fiddle and to prate,
Impertinence thy crest,
O surely thou wert born to shine
A petit-maitre of the nine,
Apollo's scorn and jest.'

There is an address from Lucretius to Dr. Busby in the Smiths' 'Horace in London.'

Yet, in spite of this identification, the real editor of the *Universal Magazine* was the Rev. Geo. Croly, as is established on the evidence

of Gerald Griffin, and in an inspired account of Croly in Waller's 'Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography.' This does not really affect the present question. Sir Richard was the virtual editor of all his publications, and the others were probably only contributors. Perhaps Gifford did contribute, and Borrow, as a young hack, may have been sent round to collect and arrange the contributions. In any case, I think there can now be little doubt that the 'little old man' who sat composing tunes in a summer-house in one of the purlieus of the city and offered his translation to Borrow at half-price was Thomas Busby, Mus.Doc.

PHILISTIA VICTRIX.

THERE were several reasons which made it fitting for my wife and me to be dining with the Anthony Careys on a certain night not long ago. Tony and I had been friends since our days at Harrow ; I had been his best man exactly twenty-five years ago ; Toinette and my wife are devoted to each other ; and this dinner was in celebration of the Careys' silver wedding. Toinette, I may say, is not really her Christian name. That would have involved too much prophetic insight on the part of her godparents, and so I had repaired their omission.

The table, as well as the drawing-room, was adorned with many offerings of silver received in honour of the occasion. When Tony and I were left to our wine, he produced a huge silver box divided into two partitions, one for cigars and one for cigarettes. Inside the lid was pasted an extract from an advertisement of a well-known Institute whose aim is to stimulate (at a price) our mental development :

'We teach the art of accurate observation.

'Accurate observation paves the way to power and success.'

'And who was the giver of this pretty thing ? ' I asked.

'No gift, but a trophy,' he answered. 'From that silver coffin hangs a tale. Like to hear it ? Very well. Take a cigar and I will narrate while you suffer in silence.

'The tale consists of a number of trivial incidents which I happened to piece together. You may think that I have little right to claim the exercise of accurate observation, and that it was a case of pure luck, but anyhow the coffin is the concrete result.

'I will recount the episodes in alphabetical order, in the manner beloved of the S. of S.—Tony is in the Foreign Office—' when he wants a memorandum for a debate in the House.

'(a) I was on my way to lunch at the Athenæum, and I paused, as I always do, to look at the work of the pavement artist at his usual pitch just before you reach the club. You know I am the sort of fellow who likes the Royal Academy and is wholly insincere when he sneers, as in duty bound, at the Albert Memorial. I really enjoy those pictures in chalk, and this day there was one which particularly caught my fancy, a sunset scene with swans on a lake. The swans were white and swanlike, the trees green and tree-like, the sky red and sunsetty, and the water blue and aqueous. I

stood and admired, paid my usual tribute, and then went up the steps into the club. There I found my favourite table in the coffee room unoccupied, just by the window where you can look towards the Duke of York's steps and St. James's Park, and—incidentally—my pavement artist and his ephemeral gallery.

'(b) The incident to follow was the approach from the Park of a fellow from Chelsea. He couldn't have come from anywhere else, for he wore a soft felt hat with a huge brim, a Tennyson cloak and an unkempt beard. Don't imagine for a moment that I presume to criticise the Chelsea hall-mark. *Tout au contraire*. It must be vastly useful when you sight a kindred spirit in the Philistia of Kensington and Bayswater and recognise him as such by his get-up. A sort of soul wireless. Like suddenly coming on a white man in the trackless forests of Africa and spotting the colour of his skin or his civilised attire. No need even for the formal "Dr. Livingstone, I presume." By the way, why, if they talk of us as Philistines, don't they call their own ground Judaea or Samaria, or something to bring out the historical antithesis? But this is mere digression. He stopped by my Sunset as if he had been shot, and gazed at the picture. His face expressed horror, and I am sure he shuddered. Anyhow, after a moment he raised despairing hands to heaven and turned violently away.

'(c) I had finished my first course and was waiting for a spot of cheese when the next incident opened. A lovely little lady came along with an Irish terrier in charge. She was a sight to stimulate the meanest powers of observation. What they used to call a nice, modest girl, which I believe is now one of the greatest insults you can hurl at the modern damsel. Anyhow she was self-confessed as not conforming to the modern type, since her complexion showed she did not follow the maxim of "Put your trust in the lip-stick and keep your powder dry." It was "all roses and crame," and even the disillusioned P.C. Peter O'Loughlin could not have adversely "remarked with regard to the same."

'She evinced a lively interest in the Sunset, but while she gazed she forgot her dog, towards whom approached another gentleman of his own clan. These two wasted a brief space in mutual insults, and then joined conflict, tooth and snarl. O! what a turmoil of sound and fury! It was short-lived, for little lady, artist and bystanders intervened and separated the dogs. But the mischief was done. The field of battle had included the paving-stone on which Sunset was inscribed, and the picture was apparently damaged. The little lady's largesse of compensation was prompt, and

proof of its adequacy appeared from the respectful acknowledgment of the artist. To reproduce the picture was no herculean task for him, and a good dog-fight and a handsome tip were ample reward. And so ends that episode.

'(d) The next began almost at once. The artist was getting ready his paraphernalia for another Sunset, when back comes my Chelsea friend from the direction of Pall Mall. He scowled as he glanced at the artist and his horizontal display. But as he drew nearer I saw a look of amazement pass across his face. Again he stopped as if he had been shot, but this time his hands were clasped as if in reverence. A good minute he gazed, and then I saw him speak long and earnestly to the artist. Money passed, and the reverence was transferred to the artist's gaze.

'You can imagine that by now I was rather intrigued. I cut out my usual cup of coffee and cigarette and left the club. Yes, the picture was undoubtedly ruined. The sky might still have been sky, but the swans, trees and lake were mere blurs of coloured chalk. Yet there was no shadow of doubt that the artist was pleased. "Bit of an accident, Bill?" I asked. "Yes, sir," he said, "two dogs got a-fighting and got outside the ring." "Half-a-crown any use to you, Bill?" said I. "Yes, sir," he answered, "both useful and ornamental." I handed over the coin. "Tell me, Bill, what that Bolshy fellow wanted." "Never heard the like of it in all my born days," said Bill. "Just gave me five bob if I promised to leave this picture as it is and not to rub it out before I goes off duty." "Well," I rejoined, "old England mustn't lag behind Russia, so here's another half-crown for you."

'(e) You will realise as I proceed that at this stage I missed the next incident, of vital importance; but the lacuna by good fortune filled itself. If I had been an idle fellow with nothing better to do than to satisfy curiosity I might possibly have had evidence to go upon instead of deduction, satisfactory as the latter proved to be. But as a matter of fact I had plenty to do, ending up with a late sitting at the House, where the chief wanted me to stand by for the debate on Bessarabia, which lasted till 2 A.M. As dear old Bowen has it in one of his poems:

"Works of mercy now, as then,
Hide the angel host from men;
Hearts atune to earthly love
Miss the angel notes above;
Deeds, at which the world rejoices,
Quench the sound of angel voices."

Which always strikes me as a very charming way of reminding one that if a fellow pays strict attention to duty he is apt to miss some of the fun.

'So for the moment we pass to the next incident but one. Next morning, on my way to the F.O., I looked in at the club to back the card of a friend who was coming up for election. As I passed Bill's artistic pitch I had a shock myself, of a solidier sort than those which had wrung the breast of old man Chelsea. There was a gaping void on the footway. A whole paving stone had disappeared, very clumsily removed, if I could judge by the way its neighbours were chipped. It was the very section on which Sunset had been inscribed and on which young Ireland had contended.

'Bending over the cavity was a minion of the Westminster City Council with a footrule in his hand, and I heard him murmur to himself, "Two, three and seven thirty-twos, by one, two and five thirty-twos." I not only heard but somehow subconsciously stored this mystic formula in my memory.

'If I had been a patient (or do you call it a student or victim?) of the Institute, they would have collared all the credit for this. As it was, alone I did it.

'(f) Now we come to the last incident, the final link in the chain. A month later, we had a young cousin of mine stopping with us. Someone sent her tickets for a show given by the Paulo-post-futuric Society, a highbrow crew of the most poisonous kind. Marion' [he meant Toinette] 'was to have taken my cousin on a Saturday afternoon, but she was feeling unwell and so I sacrificed myself and went in Marion's place. You know the kind of stuff one finds on these occasions. This was even more frightful than the usual run. But imagine my amazement when I saw, not hung on the walls, but posed on an easel and draped with black silk in lieu of a frame, an eyesore which the catalogue called "Thames Nocturne—Pastel on Granite," and which I recognised at once as my poor, debauched Sunset.

'I forgot my manners and burst out laughing. To her credit be it said that my young cousin sniggered in unison. The effect was terrible. The room, crowded as it was with Chelsea hierophants, became silent as death. At last some high priest of art addressed me. "Criticism, sir, we welcome. But may I ask what there is that excites your merriment in this gem of our display?" I apologised profoundly. As an art critic, I explained, I was not even in the "also ran." My humble place was in a mundane

environment where we could not rise above everyday facts. "And pray, sir," said he in a very offensive tone, "while agreeing that your opinion is worthless, is there any *fact* about this masterpiece which we poor artists are less competent to observe than you?" He looked round for applause, and received a gratifying murmur in response from all but us two. I was somewhat nettled, and replied, "The only facts, sir, that I perceive about this masterpiece are that it is executed on a very unusual material, and that it is of a certain height and breadth. Of the material there can, I think, be no dispute. The measurements also may be deemed to be in the realm of conjecture, but nevertheless they are actually demonstrable. I will engage to hazard a conjecture which will be proved to be at least as accurate as any advanced by you or your friends."

He looked at me pityingly. "We have travelled a good way from artistic criticism," he replied. "But we artists are accustomed to measure by the eye in our pursuit of art. Would you presume to back your opinion against ours?" "Willingly, sir," I said—"I will wager an even ten shillings with you and any of the company who cares to take a hand that my untrained and inartistic eye is a match for any Paulo-post-futuric artist."

'To cut it short, I suppose they thought there was a chance of easy money and I was a mug. Forty-seven of the company in all accepted the challenge, but insisted on making it a pound instead of ten shillings. So there I stood, laying an even pound on the event with seven and forty bookies. Each had to write his guess down on a slip of paper, sign it, and put it into a vase. Perhaps you can imagine what mine was? Then the silk was reverently removed, a rule applied, and the high priest declared in a sonorous voice, "I find it to be two feet three inches and seven thirty-seconds in length, by one foot two inches and five thirty-seconds in breadth." I was relieved to find that he knew how to handle a rule, however incompetent he might be with a brush. No guess but mine came anywhere near the solution. And deep silence fell upon us again while I collected forty-seven pounds.

'So that is the history of the silver coffin. And now you can understand that, to my mind, notwithstanding all the advantages of the Tote, there is nothing to beat a Chelsea bet on a certainty. The reason why that particular advertisement of the Institute struck me as appropriate for attaching to the loot was because of the happy and appropriate metaphor of "paves the way."

F. L. D. E.

CONFESSIONS OF AN AMATEUR PHYSICIAN.

BY BRIG.-GENERAL H. H. AUSTIN, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

It goes without saying that every white man is a doctor and healer of all conceivable ills—in the eyes of unsophisticated natives of Africa, and dwellers in other Oriental lands. Thus, like many another traveller in remote regions, I have frequently been required to undertake, with an air of complete confidence, the medical treatment of divers diseases and ailments, not only among my own followers but for the benefit of the pathetically sanguine inhabitants of such eastern countries as it has been my lot to traverse. The results have sometimes been refreshingly, not to say surprisingly, satisfactory; thanks chiefly, no doubt, to the faith within the patient being capable of removing mountains of disorders, after submission to the examination and magical treatment of the white man.

Need I remark that my name is not to be found in the Medical Register? Consequently I do not fear to be struck off it for 'infamous conduct' in revealing my professional acumen. Yet, such knowledge of medicine as I possessed, when first called upon to try my hand as a physician, was derived mainly from the study of the contents of one of Burroughs Wellcome's admirable little travelling cases. Herein were stowed an intriguing pamphlet of instructions and a bewitching assortment of small phials filled with tabloids and powders designed to combat, and cure, practically every disease likely to be met with during one's wanderings in the wilds—from hydrophobia downwards. I admired, too, the shining blade of the razor-edged lancet, the glistening forceps, and the keen-pointed needle to be used for sutures. (I trust this latter is the correct medical term.) Still, I did not particularly pine for an opportunity of amputating, and resolved to confine my attention largely to the medical side of the profession, and to abstain, as far as possible, from the use of the knife. For, to be quite frank, I felt insufficiently trained, as yet, in the skilful art of the surgeon.

Having no desire to offend professional etiquette, I propose to avoid encroaching on the province of qualified medical practitioners by whom I may have been accompanied on my travels. But

sometimes it happened that no medical officer formed a member of the party in whose service one's gradually expanding experience of drugs, and other remedies, was brought into play; and my narrative, generally speaking, will thus be restricted to what took place on such occasions.

Very soon after my arrival in India, while still a callow youth, I learnt that it was regarded as part of my duty, by the overflowing staff of servants and their dependants who honoured the precincts of my bungalow compound with their presence, to minister to their wants in the way of medicine. *Bokhār*, or fever, seemed the chief complaint from which they suffered in the Peshawar district and along the N.W. Frontier; so the amount of quinine doled out by me to stay the debilitating effects of that scourge rapidly exhausted the small stock of pills I had taken out to the East, and these had to be replenished at frequent intervals. All kinds of internal troubles, likewise, were expected to receive immediate remedial treatment; whilst the kick of a pony, the sting of a scorpion, sprains, cuts and abrasions, and other disorders afforded endless opportunities for my menials to ascertain whether the *sahib* was worth his salt, or whether recourse to a hospital would be the lesser of two evils.

Such excursions into the realms of medicine were not without interest and value, though; for they undoubtedly served one in good stead when, a few years later, the shores of India were seen to fade away behind the eastern horizon from the deck of a steamer bound for the coral strands of Mombasa. Here in British East Africa we found ourselves among a totally different race of men from our Aryan brother. A cheery, happy-go-lucky crowd were these Swahilis, who took no thought for the morrow but were content to let each day look after itself. The future seemed so uncertain to these inveterate travellers, ever on the road bearing burdens on their heads to little-known regions beyond the 200-miles belt of arid bush that encloses their graceful coco-nut palm groves and narrow coastal plain.

Being human, however, they were subject, like all of us, to the various ills to which flesh is heir; and one soon discovered that their home remedies were usually of a highly drastic nature. Searing with hot irons appeared quite a common mode of transferring the pain of a patient from one part of his anatomy to a freshly created area elsewhere. It certainly sounded efficacious at times, if we were to believe the stories told us by Swahili advocates of this seemingly barbaric torture. But the negro is hardly so

sensitive to pain as we who boast a somewhat higher plane of civilisation. And yet I have visions of alighting on one of our porters in the bush—during our early association with these newly made friends—stretched out on the ground and rending the air with piteous yells. I was not altogether surprised; for three of his lusty comrades were evidently intent on pounding him to a jelly by walking over his prostrate form and treading heavily on his lumbar regions as he lay face downwards on the sward. Nevertheless the man made no effort to dislodge his assailants from their precarious perch, and contented himself with letting out a succession of groans and howls that touched me to the core.

Infuriated with their apparent brutality, I took upon myself to rescue the victim from further maltreatment, and was then not a little disconcerted to learn that I had interfered with the certain cure of his malady—the all-embracing *tumbo*, or tummy trouble—in this case a violent attack of colic. Despite this assurance, I felt that less drastic, and surely more artistic, remedies reposed within my medicine chest, and treated the sufferer accordingly—greatly to his relief, I imagine, for an hour or two later he had quite regained his composure and was doing his share of the work about the camp.

In some ways these porters seemed impervious to pain, and would permit their comrades to carve out formidable acacia and other thorns from the soles of their feet with jack-knives, and barely wince under the ordeal. It is true their soles in most cases almost resembled those of an elephant; but even that lordly pachyderm is not insensible to the irritation caused by a stout acacia thorn embedded in the sole of his foot. They were extraordinarily feckless, too, in observing the dictum that a stitch in time saves nine, and would often pay scant attention to scratches and abrasions until these had gradually developed into deep-seated and widespread ulcers. These would have nearly reached the bone before some of our light-hearted men regarded it as advisable to display the nauseating sore to the *bwana* for medical treatment. Carbolic and iodoform certainly worked wonders in time, and the wounds generally filled with healthy tissue again, but there should have been no necessity for so lengthy a course of dressings had the patient but brought the ulcer to notice in the initial stages of its development. But then, that is a Swahili all over. Never do to-day what can possibly be put off until to-morrow, seems to be his motto.

Ulcers, *tumbo*, and malaria were the most common forms of ailment that demanded our attention during the earlier portion of

our journey to Uganda in those distant days. But the natives of the territories traversed were not slow to take advantage of the presence of the white man by bringing in their maimed, sick, and halt for medical treatment. Though in many cases one was able to do a good deal to dispel minor disorders, the faith these savages possessed in our ability to restore stiffened spear-pierced joints to freedom of movement, and so forth, made one realise how perfunctory was our knowledge of the healing art as practised by pundits in the profession. Still, we did not feel disposed to admit defeat when appealed to by a roving band of Masai warriors to be supplied with some potent medicine that would render them fearless in battle, and a terror to their neighbours. We had got along quite amicably with these restless nomads hitherto, despite their evil reputation for truculence and predatory habits, so sealed our friendship by administering to these young bloods refreshing draughts of Eno's Fruit Salt. The bubbling and fizzing of this 'fire water' tickled them to distraction, and they gulped down the aperient with the utmost gusto, in the firm conviction that they would never see the colour of fear again, and that no enemy, henceforth, could hope to withstand their terrible onslaughts.

Leaving the haunts of the valorous Masai behind us, our wanderings led us through beautiful scenery, but foodless wastes, until we emerged on the fertile plains of Kavirondo, bordering the Victoria Nyanza. Here, in the densely populated district of Mumia's, we soon learnt, to our chagrin, that smallpox was raging in the villages around; and though all reasonable precautions were taken to prevent the fell disease laying hold of our followers, before long the porters began one by one to fall victims to this common African scourge. We formed a segregation camp to which cases were removed as they occurred. One officer always remained at Mumia's; for whilst two others proceeded to Uganda, the remaining two carried out surveys in turn along the shores of the lake, and in the direction of Mt. Elgon. Thus the porters were kept on the move as much as possible to check the inroads of the disease; but in spite of these manœuvres its expulsion from the caravan proved a most difficult and lengthy business. Indeed, it was not until we had nearly reached the coast again on our return journey, some four months later, that we could boast an entirely clean bill of health once more. The number of those who died was appreciable, and amongst them was one of my gun-bearers, Bahari, a particularly plucky type of Swahili, and a great loss to me.

I have no intention of being drawn into a controversy regarding

the efficacy, or otherwise, of vaccination against smallpox. That is a matter that experts can very well be left to fight out among themselves, and I merely relate our experiences as I remember them. We carried a limited supply of vaccine in sealed tubes among our medical stores, and used it to the best of our ability—chiefly on those who had already been attacked by the disease. The quantity at our disposal quite precluded the idea of vaccinating the whole expedition of over 450 souls as a precautionary measure when smallpox first made its appearance. So behold us amateur physicians wielding lancets, scraping the arms of the afflicted, and introducing the lymph in true orthodox fashion. The knowing may smile at our presumption, but facts must be allowed to speak for themselves; and I can only state that relatively few thus treated succumbed to the disease, whilst the great majority made a complete recovery, notwithstanding the necessity of their having to march almost daily with the disease upon them. Faith doubtless worketh wonders. We officers, and the forty Pathans taken from India with us, had been vaccinated before sailing, in anticipation of encountering smallpox during our travels in Africa, and not one of us evinced the least disposition to infection, even when the epidemic was at its worst.

Thus Mombasa was safely reached again on September 23, 1892. The surviving Swahilis seemed to have become suddenly demented with joy and excitement as they pranced through the town with their loads, to the accompaniment of much beating of their drums, recklessly brandishing Masai spears and other trophies acquired by us during our travels; while the frenzied greetings and boisterous acclamations of their relatives and friends, who thronged the narrow streets to welcome back the wanderers, increased the wild pandemonium of this triumphal return to their homes. It was an amazing scene. A fortnight later we turned our backs on Afric's sunny shores, and steamed forth for the dull, leaden skies and pea-soup fogs of London in November.

And so, for a while, active practice in the healing art was denied me. Indeed, close on five years—spent partly in England, the United States, and Canada, but chiefly on the N.W. Frontier of India—passed before I had the opportunity of once again resuming medical work among the denizens of the Dark Continent. This fresh expedition was accompanied, however, by two captains of the R.A.M.C., and to them, naturally, fell the duty of ministering to the medical requirements of our followers, and such natives as

sought relief at our hands in the regions traversed. Nevertheless, these officers were not always available on the travels of detachments, and the leaders of these, in consequence, had a considerable amount of doctoring added to their other responsibilities. Thus it came about that, from time to time, I still had to rely on the light of nature, and Burroughs Wellcome's brochure and tabloids, for the treatment of the sick.

Since our previous sojourn in British East Africa, a new pest had invaded the land. This was an insidious creature known as the jigger, which, from small beginnings, is capable of creating great suffering if not promptly dealt with. In Kavirondo, Usoga, and Uganda the natives had become a prey to this tiny insect—no bigger than a pin's head—which burrowed under the toe-nails of individuals, sometimes even the finger-nails, and there laid its eggs in a small skin-like sac. If this is not removed and the eggs allowed to hatch, or should the sac be broken during extraction, repulsive sloughing ulcers are quickly formed. These gradually eat away the whole toe ; and, indeed, I have seen natives with no toes at all, the entire foot having been converted into a horrible mass of corruption, through ignorance or neglect. Even lions and other carnivora sometimes fell victims to these destructive pests ; and I know sportsmen who have shot full-grown lions which had lost several of their claws owing to the depredations of jiggers. In their case, poor brutes, no cure was at hand, since the days of Androcles are no longer with us ; but the medical science of to-day taught us how to deal with this evil when confined to the person of man.

Prevention being usually better than cure, the obvious remedy was to extract the jigger as soon as it declared itself below the toe-nail. Our Swahili boys soon became adepts at spotting the tiny black speck beneath the skin which indicated its presence. Then, with the sharpened end of a match, or pointed stick, they would work through the skin, all round the intruder, until the opening made was sufficiently large to permit the sac being pulled out intact. Should the sac burst during extraction, the small cavity in the toe where it had rested was treated with a strong solution of carbolic ; and that was usually the end of that jigger's activities. Whilst penetrating jigger-infested areas, foot inspection by our boys became an almost daily procedure after one had tubbed on reaching camp. When a few of the porters had suffered in consequence of neglect in this respect, they performed a like

service to each other at frequent intervals, so that the eggs should have no time in which to hatch whilst secreted beneath the skin.

It is not surprising that ignorant savages, with no means to hand for combating the ravages of jiggers, should have suffered cruelly from these minute parasites, so difficult were they to detect before the mischief was done. Once the ulcer had commenced to form, nothing they possessed could stay its eroding course, with the dreadful results mentioned above. Hence, in addition to what might be termed the normal ills of our Swahilis, and of other natives who sought relief from the white man, this newly arrived plague demanded much of our attention. When passing through Kavirondo and Usoga with a column to take part in the Sudanese Mutiny operations, many were the poor sufferers who came to me for treatment, their wounds being thoroughly cauterised with nitrate of silver and then dressed with iodoform.

Wakoli's stockade in Usoga appeared to be largely occupied by married Masai and their families, who had in some strange manner migrated thither far from their normal haunts; for, when camp was being pitched outside, several of their elders visited me and begged me to treat a number of their sick who were so lame from jiggers that they were unable to come to me. A couple of hours were spent by me, therefore, that afternoon within the stockade, as the condition of many of the women and children was truly pitiable. They were so plucky, though; and when I told the women I should probably hurt them they merely replied, 'We are Masai,' and never flinched as the caustic burnt into their flesh. Even toddling infants brought forth from their huts for treatment sat stolidly on their parents' knees, with set expressions on their little faces, and never uttered a sound, because their mothers kept repeating to them that they were 'El Moran' (young Masai warriors), so must be brave and not mind the pain. It was a splendid exhibition of courage and pride of race. Of all that congregation of old women, young girls, and tiny tots, scarce one did more than make a grimace and clutch tightly hold of a relative whilst being operated upon. They were so grateful, too, for the little that one was able to do for them in one short visit, since the exigencies of the situation demanded that my column should continue its march next morning to the scene of the fighting at Lubwa's.

During the ensuing active operations against the Sudanese mutineers most of us, fortunately, escaped the necessity of treating

gun-shot wounds, thanks to the presence of the two qualified medical officers with our expedition, and others in the service of the Uganda Administration. Rarely, however, was there more than one with the several columns destined to operate in widely separated areas, scattered throughout Usoga, Uganda, and Unyoro. Thus, after an engagement, the single surgeon would often be worked almost to a standstill treating the wounded, and we laymen would be called upon to administer chloroform for amputations and other serious operations. Earlier in this article I have said that surgery formed no part of the curriculum mapped out by me as more or less incumbent on me to study; but one was now sometimes required to be present at very unpleasant carvings, on occasion. Among others it was my painful duty to assist, by candlelight, at a very serious operation regarded as the only chance of saving the life of an old Woolwich friend of mine, who had received a gun-shot wound in the abdomen. Unhappily, the operation disclosed the sad fact that nothing could save him, and he passed peacefully away next morning, to be buried where he had fallen in fight on the shore of Lake Kioja.

In the course of time the expedition was able to resume part of its original mission, after reinforcements arrived by slow degrees from the coast and India, and Uganda had been rendered tolerably secure against the Sudanese mutineers and the rebel Mohammedan Waganda adherents of the fugitive king, Mwanga. For close on a year thereafter, during the wide travels of the column under my command to the north of Lake Rudolf and elsewhere, I enjoyed the advantage of having a medical officer on my staff. I must steer clear of the province of medicine for that period, therefore, lest I should inadvertently poach on his preserves, since he is still alive.

The late spring of 1899, then, found us safely back in England, with a fresh store of medical knowledge added to one's previous acquaintance with the subject. This was not allowed to lie fallow for long, as in the autumn, together with Major Bright, a comrade of British East Africa travel, I set forth for the Sudan to prosecute a survey along the western borders of Abyssinia. Once again our colleagues in the undertaking changed. Our experience of Sudanese a short while before had not been altogether of a happy description; for had they not mutinied, and been within measurable distance, at one time, of driving the British out of Uganda? Strange things happen, however, under British rule; and in place

of the cheery, feckless Swahili, so well known to us by now, animal transport was substituted for the venture from Omdurman. As transport drivers for these indispensable beasts of burden—camels, mules, and donkeys—two dozen ex-dervishes, who little more than a year before had fought fanatically against Kitchener's army, willingly enlisted to accompany two white men they had never before seen, whithersoever they might desire to travel. And yet some enemies of their own country have the effrontery to declare that the Englishman in savage lands invariably treats the natives with contumely and brutality!

Besides ourselves and these twenty-four Jehadia, as they were locally termed, a Sudanese officer and twenty-two men of the XIth Sudanese Battalion, and half a dozen servants and interpreters, comprised the entire human element of the expedition. Thus the number of our followers likely to require medical treatment was far below what we had been accustomed to in East Africa on similar enterprises. But this duty would fall wholly on my companion and myself, as no medical officer formed a member of the party. The common ailments of these Sudanese, however, proved very similar to those of which we had experience among Swahilis, though jiggers, fortunately, had not yet found their way to the newly conquered Sudan. Our present associates were far less prone, also, to the horrible ulcers which the Swahili seemed so frequently to cultivate. On the whole, therefore, our Sudanese enjoyed better health than the Swahili usually does up-country; and the demands on our medicine chest were chiefly confined, this trip, to issues of quinine, both as a prophylactic on occasions of abnormal exposure, and during the active course of attacks of malaria.

Yet I should record one puzzling case among our Jehadia, which terminated fatally after we entered Anuak territory on the Baro river, not far from the foot of the Abyssinian escarpment. Unfortunately, too, this man was one of the best of our transport drivers, and stood out conspicuously in the column as the one individual who seemed thoroughly to understand camels and their ailments. For some days he had been unable to walk, and was carried on a camel, suffering from some obscure affection of the face and stomach. Whilst camp was being pitched on the day in question, it was reported to me that he was complaining of acute internal pain, so I applied a mustard leaf to the affected part. This appeared to afford him almost immediate relief, and he was actually expressing his satisfaction to me when he suddenly

collapsed and expired in my arms. That, happily, was our only loss in human life during the expedition, but the subsequent fate of our camels proved it to be a severe one.

In due course the Abyssinian heights were scaled with the assistance of large numbers of Abyssinians and Gallas, and we reached the lofty, bracing plateaux of that mountainous country. Strange to relate, however, it now became my turn to succumb to the changed conditions from the hot, swampy plains of the Sudan, and the amateur physician was called upon to heal himself. Candidly, he was within an ace of failure, for so continuous were the violent fits of vomiting from which I suffered that there is a gap of ten days in my diary. I prescribed opium tabloids to allay these attacks; but despite these my companion almost despaired of my life at times, though he did all he could, kind soul, to keep up my strength. At length, when nearly at the end of my tether, I began to take a turn for the better, and by degrees was able to retain small quantities of goat's milk and sparklet soda, and then eggs beaten up in brandy.

These eggs, alas! were not always of the freshest description, being purchased from the Gallas about us; for I see my attentive Abyssinian servant, Hanna, enlisted by me at Cairo, preparing an egg-flip in my tent. On his breaking the shell of an egg, out popped the head of a live chicken. Uttering an astonished 'Allah!' he then proceeded to break another, but was again confronted by an equally alive chick. Thus his noble effort to concoct a flip for his sick master from this consignment of eggs was frustrated, and he was forced to have recourse to others not quite so advanced in maturity.

It is a curious fact that several officers of the French explorer Marchand's noted expedition suffered from a somewhat similar gastric attack on reaching the salubrious heights of Abyssinia, after a lengthy sojourn in the enervating plains of the Sudan. But this, I am thankful to say, was my only experience of the kind during the present venture, though I nearly succumbed to a like visitation along the western shores of Lake Rudolf some fifteen months later.

After this enforced halt on my account we were able to push on again over the uplands to Goré, the chief settlement of the Abyssinians in those regions. Here we remained for over three weeks; but the attitude of these highlanders towards the expedition, after the first effusive welcome accorded it, was not altogether

satisfactory, for reasons into which I need not enter here. The fault did not lie with us, however. We had freely doctored the sick brought to us, earning, as we imagined, the gratitude of those treated, both Abyssinians and Gallas. In other ways, too, we had done our best to create a favourable impression among our new hosts. Unfortunately, the acting Governor of the province proved an underhand, covetous creature, despite his vaunted Christianity and assumed superiority of his race over all others encountered by me during fairly extended travels in the East.

Still, this in no way deterred us from ministering to the medical requirements of him and other high officials when occasion arose. Thus, one Sunday, after we attended divine service at the small Coptic church near our camp, the servant of a certain Lijlama, the rascally confidant of the acting Governor, arrived in a great state of perturbation to report that his master's wife was dying. He had been instructed, therefore, to beg medicine from me for the patient, who was in a condition of complete collapse as the result of intense nausea. I supplied him with some brandy in the hope that this might help to pull her together. After a short while the man returned, saying the medicine had not brought about the desired effect, and that death was momentarily expected. So much so that Kanyzmach Walda Gabriel (the acting Governor) and a large number of other officials were gathered about the death-bed, and besought me to come and treat the case in person.

It was pouring with rain, but Bright and I sallied forth with two interpreters, and on reaching the house found a big concourse of people of both sexes collected in the compound. Most distressing sounds of sea-sickness issued from a tent in which the good lady lay, and thither we were conducted with all speed. The interior was crammed with anxious spectators, exhausting the fresh air of which the young woman should have had the benefit. She was a pretty girl, of perhaps twenty-three, and was throwing herself about the bed in paroxysms of pain, although supported in a reclining posture by several persons. Lijlama was sitting by her side, the picture of woe. The tears were rolling down his cheeks, and he was attired in mourning garb, as though the fate of his spouse were already sealed. This delicate piece of attention, it seemed to me, must have been particularly encouraging to the prostrate patient.

The poor girl was making the most strenuous efforts to be sick, but without success; and I gradually elicited from her, through the medium of our interpreters, that she was suffering acute pains in

the stomach and neck. Consequently I considered a stiff dose of ipecacuanha would probably work the oracle; for it transpired that she had been at church in the morning with Lijlama, and was only seized with the illness after eating with him on their return. It appeared likely, therefore, that something consumed had merely disagreed with her. The 'ipecac' saved the situation all right, so far as she was concerned, for she was soon sick in real earnest; and as we had already directed that hot fomentations should be applied to the parts affected, in less than half an hour she said she felt much better, and wished to go to sleep.

We thereupon departed, and were invited by Lijlama into his house. Here he insisted on plying us with liquid refreshment whilst expressing his gratitude, over and over again, for having 'saved his wife's life,' as he put it. Truth compels me to state, however, that his gratitude was of a sadly evanescent character, for the rogue was soon at his old tricks again in placing obstacles in the way of the expedition—presumably at the bidding of the acting Governor, who discreetly remained in the background. Nevertheless, I sometimes find it difficult to dismiss the suspicion that we may have unwittingly frustrated an attempt by Lijlama to do away with his pretty wife, by introducing poison into her food. In any case his subsequent actions utterly belied his protestations of eternal gratitude for the 'miracle' performed.

Another more charitable explanation of his behaviour may perhaps be sought in the assurance of Hanna—long after—that we did wrong in complying with the request of Lijlama to visit his wife, and that we should have insisted on her being brought to us for treatment. We had lowered our dignity in the eyes of the Abyssinians, it seems, by indulging in the more humane course of the two. Well, one slowly learns by experience, I suppose, what kinds dwell in the Oriental mind.

In spite of various indignities, I might almost call them, and a multitude of annoyances with which we had to put up to preserve an outward show of friendship, we eventually withdrew ourselves, by our own efforts, from the coils of the serpents surrounding us. Notwithstanding what they had subjected us to, however, the Abyssinians appeared to realise that we should not retaliate by declining to treat the sick, and had no compunction, therefore, in still seeking medical aid from us.

Thus, shortly before our departure from Goré, we had the pleasure of witnessing the triumphal return of an elephant-shooting expedition from the plains below, where, these courageous Abyssinians

boasted, they had slaughtered sixty of those grand beasts. There is nothing very sporting, however, in the tactics followed on such occasions ; for this merely consists in encircling a herd and blazing off rifles indiscriminately into the frightened mountains of flesh, regardless of whether the animals fired at carry good tusks or not. If a beater or two gets shot during these wild fusillades, that is their misfortune. He ought not to have been so foolish as to obstruct the rain of bullets darkening the air. Small wonder, then, that one of these unfortunates should have appeared before us with a bullet lodged in the centre of his knee-joint, which he sanguinely imagined we could immediately extract, and restore to him the full use of his stiffened limb. A very cursory examination served to convince one that it were wise to leave well alone, and I had to deny myself this chance of performing a ticklish surgical operation.

During our return journey to the summit camp overlooking the Baro, however, our resting-place was generally thronged each afternoon with Gallas, who clamoured for treatment before our departure from the country. And a day or two prior to our embarking on the difficult descent of over 3000 feet into the Baro gorge, one of the Abyssinian officials residing in that locality sought our aid. This amiable gentleman, Walda Hanna by name, had behaved most scurvily in refusing to supply us with a sufficiency of food—evidently by order of Kanyazmach Walda Gabriel. Nevertheless, he now brazenly brought his wife to me, bearing in her arms a small baby whom they desired to be doctored. My feelings towards Walda Hanna were not precisely cordial at the moment ; but one felt sorry for his distressed wife, a really beautiful young woman with regular Madonna features and lovely liquid eyes, and for the afflicted infant. The latter, I might remark, was a most unpleasant object to look upon, for its little head was one huge scab from ear to ear, and from forehead to nape of neck.

Some considerable time was spent by me, therefore, in powdering the baby's head with dermatol and bandaging it up in lint—a course of treatment highly resented by the infant, who made the welkin ring with his howls, though his mother tried to pacify him by suckling him throughout the proceedings. Father and mother then took their departure, expressing profound gratitude for what had been done. The net result was that Walda Hanna sent no food at all for our men that evening—the first time that such a thing had occurred since our arrival in the country !

Obviously we were no longer the darlings of these mountain gods ; and were not grieved to shake the dust of the country off

our feet, in spite of receiving no assistance from them and the Gallas while transporting our belongings down the steep heights to the Baro below. Our Sudanese were equally pleased to see the last of the Abyssinians; and, notwithstanding the hardships they were now called upon to undergo amid the swamps and heavy rains in the plains, kept surprisingly fit until our return to Omdurman. One incident only, in a medical sense, obtrudes itself on my mind during this period.

Camped one evening in a most desolate spot, out on the swampy plain south of the Baro, I was engaged in taking observations of the stars for latitude and longitude. My astronomical work was rudely interrupted by our Sudanese interpreter and the Sudanese officer of the escort rushing up to report that one of the Jehadia had been bitten in the foot by a snake¹ while gathering firewood in the dark. Seizing a lancet and some nitrate of silver, Bright and I hurried to the spot to find a recumbent form with weird and wonderful charms fastened about one leg, placed there, doubtless, by anxious friends. We removed these antidotes and applied a ligature below the knee instead, for we had discovered the mark of fangs on the man's little toe. The puncture was opened out until it bled freely, and the wound thoroughly cauterised. As our patient then showed symptoms of heart-weakness, a stiff 'peg' of whisky was administered, and he was soon sleeping the sleep of the just in his tent. He certainly complained next morning of a splitting headache, and his foot was somewhat swollen; but it was essential to push on, so he made the march mounted on one of our asses. In a day or two, however, he had completely recovered from the bite—and whisky.

On my last expedition in Africa, which left Omdurman at the end of December 1900 and reached Mombasa, via Lake Rudolf, towards the end of the following August, Bright and I had the inestimable advantage of being accompanied by a medical officer of the Egyptian Administration. Poor John Garner lived barely two years, however, after our sadly depleted numbers gained safety, the result, in all probability, of the hardships endured by him on this unforgettable journey. Much of the strain on him during those depressing days must, I fear, have been caused by my falling a victim to a virulent attack of scurvy in the later stages of our struggle towards safety; and but for his unceasing care of me then, I should almost certainly have left my bones in the wilds of Africa.

¹ Puff-adders were common hereabouts.

The amateur physician had little medical work to do on this occasion, though our good doctor's hands were very full during the last three dreadful months of our travels, owing to forty-five of our fifty-nine followers perishing. Hence it was gratifying to receive a telegram from the Foreign Office, on arrival at Cairo again in October 1901, offering me the command of another Boundary Commission shortly leaving for the West Coast of Africa. This honour I was obliged to decline. I was still convalescing from the effects of scurvy, and had partially lost the sight of my right eye, owing to a hæmorrhage in the retina when the attack was at its worst. This has never cleared. Of the thirteen years just spent by me in the tropics, eight and a half had been under canvas, chiefly in Central Africa and along the N.W. Frontier of India; and I had begun to show that my stamina had thereby been reduced. Thus I felt I could not do justice to the undertaking offered me without a considerable sojourn in England first, in order to recuperate.

And so my doctoring days in the field were done; for after my African wanderings I decided to try and cultivate a knowledge of the staff side of the military art. This rarely required, in later years, a display of my medical proficiency, beyond the treatment of Indian menials of my compound, who still seemed to retain a faith in my healing powers. Ever since I married, however, I have impressed on my wife and children that, as a rule, there is small reason to call in the aid of a qualified practitioner with me at hand to help Nature to cure. Yet I have to make the humiliating confession that when a thorn or splinter has to be extracted from a grimy paw, or some other ill subdued, it is to 'mummy' that the sufferer usually reports for treatment. It is quite possible her hands may be more gentle in their soothing qualities than the heavier, but more sure, grip of their father. Still, I inwardly feel that my wife does not possess the varied medical experience that I do. I am especially anxious, therefore, that this article should find its way into print; for if once our offspring see *in print* what their father has done in the past, it might encourage them to come to him more frequently in the future, and thus save their good mother many an unpleasant 'op.' It is well known that everything children read is bound to be true, as happens to be the case in this particular story. Thus its publication may be the direct means of enabling me to obtain more active work again as a physician—at Home.

LOVE IN THE WORLD BELOW.

BY F. McEACHRAN.

THERE are few women in Dante's Hell, and fewer still in Virgil's, but in Homer, if we may hold the Dark House to be a Hell, there are almost none at all, despite the throng Persephone sends to swarm round the sombre pit. And when we consider at what small price Homer held them, it was a strange courtesy indeed which led him to give them precedence over men, and to allow them first to drink the blood which should give them life. For they are but shadows, and shadows they remain, all eager as they are to hear the words of a living man.

But it is the men, and not the women, who speak in the Dark House, and loudest of them all speaks Agamemnon, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν, king of men. As we listen to his words we may understand and know, perhaps too well, why women are silent in this house of Hades, though thronging so greedily round the life-giving sword. They are silent because of his wife and the shame which she brought on woman, for most harshly does Agamemnon speak of Clytaemnestra and of the welcome she gave him home. 'My wife,' moans he to Odysseus, 'did not let me sate my eyes even with sight of my son . . . she devised a monstrous thing, contriving death for her wedded husband . . . wherefore be thou never gentle with thy wife.' So runs his bitter plaint of one who has not forgotten, and glorious Odysseus, to whom he opens his heart, is not loath to reply, and to strike the self-same note. For many of the bronze-clad Achaeans, as he remembers, had perished for Helen's sake, through the evil counsels of women.

These are the last words of Agamemnon in the House of the Dead, and his latest reflection on the life that had been. His judgment, perchance, is obscured by the gloom around him, and the darkness of Cimmerian shade, for many things there are which he seems to forget. Of Iphigenia and the aulic calm he says no word, nor of the long hunt for Helen and the war for another man's wife. Yet on these things Clytaemnestra may have pondered during her long vigil in Argos, and time may have been heavy on her hands whilst her husband waged war in Troy. Agamemnon, it would seem, had hoped for a better home-coming than the one he received, and bitterness lies sorely in his heart, remembering Aegisthus and the net of doom. Says he to Odysseus, 'Verily, I thought I should come home welcome to my children and to my

slaves' . . . It was not to be ; his wife had other plans ; and if the hopes he raised in Aulis were shattered for him in Argos he has little reason to lament.

And yet lament he does, and glorious Odysseus with him ; he too has his doubts on the score of women, mindful of the wine-dark sea, of Ithaca and his patient wife ; and even glorious Odysseus, at the sight of his sorrowing mother, turns her away for a while, till Tiresias shall have spoken his fill. It was longing for him and for his tender-heartedness that robbed her of honey-sweet life, but this avails for nothing in a Hell which is fashioned for men, for Achilles, for Ajax, and all the heroes of old. Even in that sunnier land of Troy, before the Summoning had yet begun, we knew that Hades was for men. Of Andromache and her Hector we hear no more when once the earth has covered them, but to Achilles there is given more lasting fame and a deeper love for Patroclus. ' Nay, if even in the House of the Dead men forget their dead, yet will I even there remember my dear comrade.' Such is the portion of women in the Dark House of Hades.

For the love of Dido and its frenzied passion we are grateful to Virgil. With her romance begins. The great image of the queen of Carthage, raging with Maenad fury through the shaking walls of her city, is an augur of something nobler to come, and has a sure stake in futurity. She is the first in a long line, and the queen of a noble race. The high companionship of Francesca, of Juliet, of Faust's Margareta is hers. Their womanhood, their loving pathos, their intensity of passion finds an answering echo in this love of Dido. Hers is more regal, more imperious, than the love of these humbler ones, as befits a queen of Carthage in the noble verse of Virgil, but in the splendour of its candour and the pathos of its depth it is the same, unchanged, undiluted, unalloyed.

This Dido, who yielded her claim to empire, who broke her plighted word, and who scorned the gods, all in the name of love, lost in the great encounter. Her love was thrown away, wasted, on a man of straw, an empty simulacrum, spinning his way through the world as the shuttlecock of Jove. She lost, and the shadow departed, bearing his bloodless Penates to the Ausonian land, but leaving behind him something still of note and worthy of remembrance. Her great 'imago' with all its fury and all its passion, is quiet at last. It passes away into the world below, there once more to be a queen, restored its dignity of old.

For one brief moment they meet again, these two, in the Mourning Fields of Virgil. Her frenzy is gone now, and her love

is dead, but in its place great scorn has come. Now once more she is Dido, queen of Carthage, worthy a Roman spouse. As one sees the moon when it is new, rising behind the clouds, so Dido appears to Aeneas. There is a glare of baleful splendour, a stutter from the pale Aeneas, and then no more. She returns once more to the darkness and the ashen-cold love of Sychaeus. Once more the man has won. There is no reviling, and the woman's cause is honoured, but the story is not yet feminine. We are still in the shade of antiquity, and the man still prevails. Her very scorn is manlike and its splendour betrays the Roman, but at least we are on the way to a newer age. The man has done evil, this much we know. Soon he will bow to the woman and the woman's soul will prevail.

In Dante a new song is sung to a new age. Dido is born again, one face under many forms, and possessed of a magic spell to bind men's hearts. The world has bowed to a new goddess, to the Mater Dolorosa, and has taken upon itself the cult of the wounded heart. There are new Mourning Fields and a new Dido, but now she is no longer alone. At her side, filled with the same desire, and caught in the same mesh as she, stands the man. Francesca has her Paolo, Juliet her Romeo, and over them both the eternal-womanly reigns.

Francesca and Paolo lie in the highest circle of Inferno, where dwell the souls of the carnal sinners. In a place void of all light, bellowing like a sea in tempest, lie these two, rocked in the eternity of their own infinite passion. Round the mighty orbit of the storm, rushing through the dark air like vast troops of birds, speed a multitudinous host of sinners, wailing in their flight an evil song. Among them is the great company of the ladies of old time, swept along with their lovers in the storm of their own desires. These Virgil points out to the listening Dante. First the women, and then the men, as is fitting in this land of women. Semiramis, Dido, Cleopatra, and Helen too, 'For whom revolved so long a time of ill,' and many others. More than a thousand does Virgil show to Dante, of those 'whom love had parted from this life.' Descrying afar off the figures of two lovers floating lightly on the breeze, Dante asks if he might speak with them. For he sees the lady Francesca, and with her, almost hidden in the darkness, is her lover Paolo. Full of pity, Dante calls to them, and they, moved by his pitying voice, come to him; the storm, as by the will of Heaven, ceases awhile, and weeping, the lady speaks: 'There is no greater grief,' means she, 'than to recall a happy time in misery, but since thy love may understand my story, I will speak as one who weeps and tells.'

Of her story little is known, and that little is wrapped in legend,

but Dante knew it, and knowing, he understands. Her story is a brief and bitter one, told with marvellous beauty. She uses no names and tells very little, assuming the events of her life to be known already to Dante. She goes straight to the point, treating only of her love and of its awful end. The story is this. Married by trickery to the deformed brother of her lover, Gianciotto, she endured her lot for ten long years, till at last a climax came, and with it the end. One day she was sitting with Paolo, and as she says, in naïve simplicity, 'without any suspicion.' They were reading of Lancelot and of Queen Guinevere, in an old and famous story. They read there how love constrained Lancelot, and reading, they also were constrained. Several times as they read, they looked in each other's eyes, and their colour changed. 'But,' says Francesca, 'it was one moment alone which overcame us.' When they read how Lancelot was brought by Galehaut to Guinevere, and how for the first time he kissed her, then it was that they were overcome. 'This man,' says Francesca, speaking of Paolo sobbing in her arms, 'this man, who nevermore shall be divided from me, kissed my mouth all trembling. The book was a Galehaut to us. That day we read in it no further.'

'That day they read in it no further,' so runs this startling final phrase. In such brief phrase is condensed all that was left between the moment of yielding and the coming of the outraged husband—the ineffable bliss of their mutual 'amore.' She needs to say no more, for in the praise of love with which she prefaced her story she has well defined what life meant to her. 'Amore' indeed is the only lilt of the song of Francesca, the only thing she knows: her one little hour with Paolo before the avenging hand cut their bond for ever, and speeded them hence. 'Love which is quickly caught in gentle heart. . . . Love which to no loved one permits excuse for loving, took me so strongly with delight in him, that as thou seest, even now it leaves me not.'

Francesca, like Dido and like Clytaemnestra, loved and lost, but in very different wise. She weeps and tells, to use the phrase of Dante, but always, weeping and telling, she has her Paolo with her, from whom she shall nevermore be parted. The simple carnal love to which she yielded her beautiful form, has found its eternity in Hell. In *Inferno* she revels in her love, for this is her whole being and for her life is this.

In her weeping figure, despite the gulf between, *Inferno* and *Paradiso* unite, and blend indistinguishably one with another. Her soul, like the soul of Juliet, like the soul of Margareta, was

fashioned for this, and could enjoy no other life. Hell with Paolo is better than Heaven without him, and the storm of passion better than the cold embrace of Gianciotto and the lawful bond. This love of hers, with all its carnality, all its earthiness, is sublime in the splendour of its plenitude. It consumes her being wholly. She does not regret nor revile. Of the husband who tricked and then slew her, she says one little word: 'Caina¹ waits for him who quenched our life.' She does not plead her cause or blacken his. In truth, it was not he who slew her, but the power of love. 'Love that led us to a common death.' Among the damned she is the same as in life, gentle, unvindictive, 'without any suspicion.' To Dante her words are full of solicitude, and of the gratitude of a soul in pain. Even in torment her thoughts can turn to others. 'If the King of the Universe were our friend we would pray to Him for thy peace, since thou hast pity of our perverse misfortune.' Of such gentleness is the soul of Francesca even on the rack, and to such heights may the souls of the damned aspire.

That this is the Hell of woman we may turn to the man to see. Here there is no Agamemnon reviling his wife, nor Dido rising in sublimity of scorn. All the time she is speaking Paolo speaks not a word. *His soul has lost its manlike nature and has become one with hers.* She it is who holds him in her arms, she it is who speaks while he, the man, sobs in her arms. Nor is Paolo alone in this, for like Paolo Dante also plays the woman. 'While the one spirit thus spake, the other wept, so that I fainted with pity, and I fell as a dead body falls.' There is then a sweet gradation in the power of love through the three Hells of the poet. Odysseus, with Agamemnon condemns the love of woman, mindful of the evil counsels of women and the doom of Helen. Aeneas in Latin Hell loves and draws back, caught in the net of the gods, but in Dante the woman is supreme, and the men throng around her, weeping her human sorrow.

In Hades Agamemnon waits for Clytaemnestra, and his memory is clear and strong. There will be a long reckoning here when Orestes returns to his home. And Dido in the Mourning Fields is branded with the mark of Aeneas and has not yet found her peace. But in the Inferno of Dante there lie two in each other's arms, and to these peace of a kind has come. In the depth of the pit and in the face of God they remember one thing only:

'Amore condusse noi ad una morte.'

¹ Section of the circle of traitors.

THE BOOMING OF BASSOCK.

BY JEFFERY E. JEFFERY.

THE very pretty girl sitting alone under a tree in Kensington Gardens on a fine Sunday morning in May was Amber Fitchew. The young man walking briskly towards her was Ernest Bassock, to whom she had been engaged since 11.30 P.M. on the previous Thursday.

Amber looked up and smiled expectantly. Her smile was mischievous—chiefly because she had mischievous blue eyes and a mischievous mouth. She had, besides, fair hair, a determined chin, an unspoilt complexion, neat ankles, and expensively simple clothes. Her twentieth birthday was still to come.

Ernest removed his hat, bent over her, kissed her unashamedly, and took the chair beside her.

‘Any luck?’ she asked eagerly.

‘Sounds as though I’d been out fishing! No, darling, none whatever.’

‘Tell me all about it,’ she commanded.

He replaced his hat, tilted it slightly over his eyes, and proceeded to give her details of an interview which he had had that morning with Anselm Fitchew, Esq., of Basinghall Street, E.C., and Queen’s Gate, S.W.

‘I explained most tactfully,’ he began, ‘that I couldn’t imagine anything jollier than to have him for a father-in-law. But he didn’t seem to want the job.’

‘Silly of him!’ she interrupted.

‘Quite!’ agreed Ernest. ‘He was rather annoyed, I’m afraid. He stood with his back to the fireplace in the traditional attitude of the angry father and kept rocking himself up and down on his toes and heels while he talked.’

Amber nodded. ‘And blowing through his moustache at you—I know,’ she supplemented, sympathetically.

‘He said all the usual things. That you were too young to know your own mind, for instance, and hadn’t any judgment.’

‘Rubbish!’ she protested.

‘Exactly! What could be more judicious than your choice of me? That you were accustomed . . . er . . . he would not say

to all the luxuries, but certainly to all the comforts, of life. Would my £500 a year provide them for you? No, sir, it would not!

'There's nothing to prevent *him* from providing them, though, as he does now,' she observed.

'The point had occurred to me, too, I admit. But it didn't seem quite the moment to mention it, somehow.'

'What else?'

'That it was a father's duty to protect a susceptible and inexperienced girl—a motherless girl, moreover—from the designing—yes, designing—attentions of young men with very little money and no prospects.'

His accurate imitation of her father's voice and manner made her laugh.

'How too marvellously Victorian!' she said. 'But didn't you tell him that you had got prospects—as an author?'

'I did—but he was not impressed. He said that that was a very precarious way of earning a living.'

'Livelihood!' she corrected. 'I'm sure he said livelihood.'

'True, he did! He also said that he understood I had written what "purported to be a funny book"—with contemptuous emphasis on the word "funny"—and he asked me if I proposed to keep a wife on the proceeds.'

'You didn't tell him how few . . . how many . . .' she began.

'Five hundred and seventeen copies at a royalty of ninepence per copy,' said Ernest impressively, 'works out at nearly £20. We have no reason to suppose that your father's income is less than ten thousand a year. No, innocence, I did not tell him my sales to date! But I listened patiently while he informed me that I might become his son-in-law if and when I could satisfy him that I was on the road to success and could provide for you adequately. And he implied, I may say, that I hadn't an earthly.'

'And then?'

'Then we had a little discussion on what the road to success looked like and the precise definition, in this connexion, of the word "adequate." We did some bargaining, in fact. But the best terms that I could get were impossible ones. When I have sold ten thousand copies of a book within three months of its publication I can consider myself engaged to you, provided, that is, that you—to quote his encouraging phrase—have not got over your regrettable attachment to me in the meantime. Are you prepared to wait forty years or so, O daughter of a harsh father?'

'Certainly not!' she answered briskly. 'We must sell ten thousand copies of this first book of yours.'

'But, my poor sweet loon, we've got as much chance of doing that as we have of . . . of skating on the Round Pond here this afternoon.'

'We must use our brains, Ernest B. We must study salesmanship, like they do in America. We must discover how to put the goods across.'

'So far we have only put decimal nought five of the goods across,' he reminded her.

'I don't understand decimals,' she said airily. 'How would it do if I bought up the whole lot myself?'

'It would do very nicely. Do you happen to have nearly £4000 in spot cash handy?'

'No,' she admitted. 'But I've got enough to buy several hundred copies. If I went about demanding "Thin Ice," the frightfully amusing new novel by Ernest Bassock, at bookshops all over London, mightn't it—what's the expression?—stimulate the sales a bit?'

'From my experience of booksellers, probably not,' he replied. 'Besides, Amber darling, I couldn't let you spend money on me like that. If anybody does it, I do.'

'You can't prevent me from buying your novel if I want to,' she retorted. 'You do think it might help, then?'

He had been lounging back lazily with his crossed legs stretched out in front of him. Suddenly he sat bolt upright in his chair and slapped his hands upon his knees.

'Golly! But I've got an idea!' he exclaimed.

'How nice! May I hear about it?'

'No,' he told her. 'At least not till I've thought it out. But it will be a rag, no end of a rag, if we can work it. And there's just a sporting chance. . . .'

He stared pensively over the Serpentine towards the church towers of Bayswater. For the moment he was oblivious of her.

She looked at her wrist-watch—a jewelled one.

'I must fly,' she declared. 'This is no day to keep father waiting for lunch. No, Ernie, you must not kiss me. There's a park-keeper coming, and this, I'm sure, is a Place within the meaning of the Act.'

'I flatly decline to answer to the ridiculous name of Ernie,' he said. Then he kissed her. And then he added: 'You'll have to be my confederate in this rag if it comes off.'

'I should adore it,' she said; and having favoured him with her bewitching, mischievous smile, she left him.

Ernest Bassock had come down from Cambridge with a pass degree in history and something of a reputation as an organiser of elaborate 'rags.' It was he, for instance, who had caused a large and gaudily painted clockwork spider to descend from the roof of the College chapel and remain swinging three inches above the bald head of an eminent preacher. It was he, in collaboration with his friend, Henry Hickett, who had successfully impersonated an Oriental pundit and had given a spoof lecture to the highly mystified members of a learned society. And he and Hickett, disguised as motor cyclist despatch riders, had on one occasion entirely ruined a University O.T.C. tactical exercise by delivering bogus messages, orders, and counter-orders to much-harassed subordinate commanders at intervals throughout an enlivening day.

On the strength of a certain facility for composing flippant topicalities, some of which had appeared in print, Ernest, on leaving Cambridge, had decided to 'go in for writing,' and he had gone in for it so successfully that in the course of the next five years, without unduly exerting himself—he never did that—his literary earnings amounted to an average of nearly £15 per annum! He shared rooms in Chelsea with Henry Hickett, who, after a period of apprenticeship to a distinguished publishing firm, had come into money and recklessly used a portion of it to establish a business of his own. It was he who had published Ernest's novel, 'Thin Ice'—which rash proceeding he defended on the grounds that he had done so as the act of a friend.

'Somebody had to show the poor mutt that he'd mistaken his calling,' he would declare blandly. 'And the simplest way of proving it was to put him in print.'

Wherein, however, he was dissembling: for he had seen possibilities in the book—which, indeed, as a flippantly written extravaganza, was good of its kind—and he was genuinely disappointed that it had fallen flat upon an overstocked, apathetic market. And now Ernest, who up to that time had airily belied his name by never allowing himself to be in earnest about anything, had disturbed the care-free atmosphere of their pleasant bachelor establishment by falling seriously in love and becoming depressed because 'Thin Ice' showed no signs of bringing in a

fortune. Henry Hickett was concerned about the immediate future. . . .

Ernest, deep in an armchair with his feet on the table and a pipe in his mouth, was describing the nature of the barrier which lay between him and matrimony. Henry, in a precisely similar attitude, whistled when he heard the words 'ten thousand copies.'

'Can't be done, old thing—not this time, anyway,' he announced.

'What sort of fellows are these booksellers?' Ernest asked.

'Cautious blighters, mostly,' was the answer.

'Could we rag 'em, d'you think?'

A reminiscent smile appeared upon the amiable features of Mr. Henry Hickett. He liked rags.

'What's the idea?' he asked hopefully.

But Ernest went off on another tack.

'How much discount d'you give 'em?' he demanded.

'A third off net—2s. 6d. off a 7s. 6d. book, for instance—plus an additional percentage if they order in quantity. What are you getting at?'

'If I brought you a perfectly clean copy of "Thin Ice" which I had got at a bookseller's for 7s. 6d., would you give me five bob, or thereabouts, for it and put it back into stock?'

'If you particularly wanted to waste your money in that way I suppose I would. But look here, what is all this about?'

'If I brought you a hundred copies or so every day for a fortnight you'd have quite a lot for re-issue as required, wouldn't you? Now think of an individual bookseller. He's got six copies in stock—hasn't sold one since the book came out, and is beginning to think it's a dud. Then comes a day when he sells the whole lot, one after the other. He orders six more. They all go the next day. He believes that there's a run on the book, orders twenty more copies, gives them prominence on his counter and starts to push the book. See?'

Hickett removed his feet from the table and his pipe from his mouth.

'Gosh!' he said simply.

They looked at each other and began to laugh.

'All over London!' said Henry.

'And then the suburbs!' said Ernest.

'Excursions to the Home Counties.'

'Refreshers in London if things begin to flag.'

'The wholesalers scenting a good thing and ordering hundreds—thousands—so as to get the best discount. And the same batch of copies going round and round and round! Come on, Ernest, my lad, we must get down to this and work it out on paper to see if it's feasible.'

They spent a very busy, but withal agreeable, afternoon working it out. They concluded that it was perfectly feasible.

Ernest, lackadaisical enough normally, could be both thorough and energetic when he chose: and in this matter of booming his own novel he did so choose. His preparations, which occupied him for two full days, included marking on a large-scale map of London the positions of nearly two hundred bookshops; the purchase of three false beards of different shapes and colours, and of eight varieties of moustache; the negotiation of a loan of £250 from his bank; and a lunch with Amber whereat he explained his plan in full detail. Amber was enthusiastic.

'This is going to be the greatest fun ever,' she declared rapturously. "I'll call for you every morning in my car as soon as father has started for the City and we'll drive about all day buying "Thin Ice." How many copies can we get for your £250, by the way?'

'About nineteen hundred—allowing for the extra discounts that the booksellers get for purchasing quantities.'

'Double it,' said Amber. 'I'm putting up £250, too, whether you like it or not.'

Ernest protested, but was overruled in the end—Amber's argument being that since it was her parent who was making a nuisance of himself with his absurd stipulations, it was up to her to help in thwarting him.

It was not long before Amber discovered that 'the greatest fun ever' was also genuinely hard work. To each day Ernest allotted an area containing from twenty to thirty bookshops, all of which had to be visited in turn, not once merely but, if possible, as many times as they had copies of 'Thin Ice' in stock.

The first visit to any given shop was simple enough. Ernest entered and bought a copy. He was followed a minute or so later by Amber, who did the same. If no copy were available the bookseller was directed to obtain one and keep it till called for. The confederates then rejoined each other at the car, which was always left twenty yards or so away from the door of the shop, and compared notes as to the number of additional copies which

they had seen within. Then Ernest recorded particulars of purchases, number in stock, date of visit, and so on in a large note-book specially prepared for the purpose, and Amber drove him on to the next shop on their list.

But when every shop in the area had thus been visited the matter became more complicated.

'Anyone, even the junior assistant, would get suspicious if he saw the same fellow coming in once an hour or so and buying the same book,' Ernest had told Amber, 'so I must perform as a quick-change artist.'

Hence the false beards and moustaches: hence, too, the mackintosh, the light overcoat, the four different hats, the two pairs of shoes, one black pair and one brown, the spats, the hand-mirror and the small theatrical 'make-up' box which accompanied Ernest in his quest for copies of 'Thin Ice.' With these at his disposal he could vary his personal appearance at will in the course of a few minutes, while the car was drawn up in a side street.

He could—and he did. He did it with a skill and a zest which delighted Amber. Not only did he change certain of his garments, but he seemed able to change his face, his figure, his bearing, his age, and his voice to suit each type which he chose to impersonate. If his second round of visits were made in the guise of a bearded and middle-aged gentleman with a truculent demeanour and a throaty cough, his third might be made as an uncouth provincial with a perceptible accent, and his fourth as a nervous foreigner speaking broken English and raising his hat politely when he received his parcel. During these subsequent visits Amber, who was not disguised, of course, had perforce to remain in the car. But while she was driving him from shop to shop she was invariably treated to a skilfully executed little character sketch of the part which he was playing.

Such was the procedure by which, at the end of each long and tiring day, a stipulated area was more or less cleared of copies of 'Thin Ice' and the rear compartment of Amber's cosy little saloon was crammed roof high with parcels. All that there then remained to do was to take these latter to Hickett's office in Bloomsbury and to hand them over for re-issue as and when required.

In ten working days no less than thirteen hundred and fifty-seven copies were thus purchased: and Ernest, receiving back 4s. 10d.—that being the average price agreed upon with Hickett—

for every 7s. 6d. which he had disbursed, had spent £180 18s. 8d. on this unusual method of stimulating the sale of his own book.

With what result? He was uncertain. To be driven about London all day by Amber and to have endless opportunity of exercising his gift for impersonation was amusing enough, but it was expensively amusing—at nearly £20 a day! He was not pessimistic—it was not in his nature to be so in any circumstances—but he was not quite so jubilant as he had been at the beginning. Hickett, on the other hand, was confident.

‘I tell you, my lad, that the book is beginning to move on the market,’ he said. ‘Keep this up for another fortnight and it will be moving so jolly fast that we won’t be able to keep pace with it. To-morrow I shall be announcing “Second Huge Printing Nearly Ready”—it isn’t, but no matter. Siller, Lorde & Co., the big wholesalers, ordered five hundred yesterday—that’s a sign that things are happening.’

‘Not much of a sign for the biggest wholesalers in London to buy five hundred, when the poor mug of an author has already bought over a thousand, is it?’

‘Isn’t it, though! They wouldn’t place an order like that—they started originally with fifty only, mind you—unless they’d had pretty big demands from the retailers. And that means that the retailers are replenishing their stocks. They’re wanting more because it’s beginning to occur to them that this is a book that they can sell. Keep ‘em busy, Ernest B., that’s your job these next two weeks. Snatch away every copy they put in their shops until at last they buy so many that you dam’ well can’t do so.’

‘Righto! I’m game,’ said Ernest. ‘And meanwhile what are you doing to help on the good work, Hicketty?’

‘I’m giving a posh lunch to a different man every day this week,’ Hickett announced. ‘Important men in the trade, all of them. I’m going to find out things. And I’ll tell you later.’

Thus encouraged, Ernest, loyally supported by his fiancée-chauffeuse, returned to his task.

Henry Hickett’s assertion that ‘things were happening’ proved accurate. A further fortnight of hard work on the part of Ernest and Amber produced a result which was unmistakable and significant. Their total purchases since they had launched their attack on the booksellers now amounted to over three thousand copies. But the total sales of the book, according to Hickett’s ledgers, were approaching the six thousand mark—which meant

that some two thousand five hundred copies had found genuine purchasers. The Second Impression was nearly exhausted, a third was printing and a fourth was contemplated. Orders were pouring in—from the wholesalers, from individual booksellers all over London and the suburbs, and, most surprising fact of all, from the Circulating Libraries as well. Evidently the reading public was taking to the book and had begun to talk about it. Hickett was openly exultant, for he knew as well as any man that for a book to be talked about by the general public was the best advertisement of all.

The lunches which he had given to 'important men in the trade' had not been waste of time or money. He had succeeded, for instance, in convincing young Lorde, of Siller, Lorde & Co., that 'Thin Ice' was an undoubted 'winner,' and by offering him special discount terms he had come away with a firm order for a thousand copies in his pocket. Not for nothing, either, had he filled the chief buyer of S. H. Jones & Sons, the bookstall magnates, with good food and wine and provided him with a cigar almost as large as an Indian club.

'Our London branches aren't doing badly with it,' admitted the chief buyer, who was cautious by nature, 'but the provincial branches don't seem to be asking for it at all.'

'They will,' answered Hickett, concealing his smile. 'These booms always start in London,' he added hurriedly. 'The provinces will be clamouring for it soon, you'll find. If you take my advice, you'll get ahead of the market and push the book out to all your country branches now. My special terms won't be on offer for ever, you know. Have a liqueur brandy, won't you?'

The chief buyer had a brandy, and, sipping it appreciatively, said that he would think the matter over. His large, his generously large, order arrived amongst Hickett's post on the following morning.

By the end of another week the sales had reached eight thousand, and Ernest was receiving letters from all the literary agents in London proffering their services in negotiating the terms of his next book. Incidentally he had spent the whole of the £250 which he had borrowed from his bank and all but £50 of Amber's contribution. On the other hand his legitimate sales—his sales, that is, to the public as opposed to those to himself—had earned him royalties to the extent of over £200.

It was at this stage that Hickett suggested a pause in the operations.

'The book has got well under way,' he said, 'and I want to see if it can keep up the pace under its own steam, so to speak. You sit tight for a week, Ernest B., and await results.'

'But I don't want to take risks,' objected Ernest. 'In just over a fortnight's time the book will have been out three months. We've got to reach ten thousand before then, Hicketty.'

'We'd do it blindfolded,' retorted Henry Hickett happily. 'But if you must be doing something, you can beat round the Home Counties and give them a bit of encouragement.'

Wherefore, for a week, Amber was kept busy driving Ernest about the more populous districts of Kent and Surrey, Middlesex, Hertfordshire, and Bucks. Sales, meanwhile, continued to mount up steadily. So, too, did Mr. Fitchew's petrol bill! . . .

There came at last the glad moment when Henry Hickett was able to announce that ten thousand copies had been sold. Amber and Ernest had won, in fact, and with more than a week to spare.

'I think we'll spring this on father suddenly,' suggested Amber, with her most mischievous smile. 'It might be amusing. Not this evening, though: he's got some boring business friends coming to dinner. To-morrow night, however, the famous author of 'Thin Ice' will call upon Mr. Fitchew at nine-thirty or so. He will come equipped with a sales certificate signed by his publisher and with all the tempting offers from other publishers which he has received recently. He will be very firm and business-like, and he will behave as though the whole matter were definitely settled—a bargain-being-a-bargain sort of attitude. Do you get me, Ernie?'

'I hope I shall in the end, anyhow,' said Ernest. 'But I may be kicked downstairs instead. Meanwhile here's a bright thought for to-morrow. You know that bookshop in the Strand nearly opposite the Law Courts—Berry's?'

She nodded.

'Well, I know old Berry and he knows me. Will you bet me that I can't buy ten copies of 'Thin Ice' in his shop to-morrow inside two hours and without his recognising me?'

'I won't bet,' she said. 'But I'd adore to see you try.'

'Well, pick me up at my digs in the car at eleven in the morning. Then you can drive me there and spend a happy two hours browsing round the shop and keeping your eyes open.'

'Isn't it a bit risky?' she asked. 'Supposing he spotted you, he might make a fuss.'

Ernest grinned contentedly.

'It'll be a rag,' he said. 'And what does it matter now? We've won, darling—we've won.'

Mr. Herbert Berry was as efficient a bookseller as any in London. He was a short, plump little man with a bland, smiling countenance, large gold-rimmed spectacles, and sharp, grey eyes behind them. He had owned his own business for upwards of thirty years, and what he did not know about the selling capacities of a book, few other men did. He possessed, moreover, an astonishing faculty for discovering the contents of a volume merely by skimming it through in rather less than twenty minutes. It was his habit to sit in a little glass-fronted cubicle at the back of his shop, whence he could see everything that was going on and whence he frequently emerged to take a stroll round.

He was sitting there one fine June morning when he observed a very pretty girl enter the shop and, waving an assistant aside, begin to saunter casually round the shelves. Little Mr. Berry smiled to himself and went on skimming through a large and expensive volume of memoirs which its publisher's traveller had assured him would be one of the successes of the season. He gave the book a further five minutes of attention, decided that he would be a fool to buy more than two copies, and then looked up again. He noticed that the pretty girl, who was quite near him, kept glancing from the shelves before her towards the door. Mr. Berry, who was of a romantic temperament, concluded that she had made his shop a trysting-place, and stepped out of his lair to take a stroll round.

A moment afterwards a young man in a grey flannel suit and a smart Homburg hat entered the shop and strolled towards the novel counter. Mr. Berry noticed that he had a heavy, dark moustache, of the kind not much in fashion amongst the moderns.

"'Thin Ice,' please," said the young man abruptly. And having got it and paid for it he left—after giving a quick glance at the pretty girl.

'She's not waiting for him, anyway,' thought Mr. Berry, as he returned to his cubicle. Then he began to think about 'Thin Ice.' He had read a good deal more of the book than he read of most books, and he had been mildly amused by it. He had even gone so far as to order a dozen copies—which was about nine more than he usually bought of a first novel by an unknown author. And eleven of those copies had remained upon his hands for a month after the book had been published. Then, unaccountably, they

had all been sold. He had bought a further dozen and they, too, had been sold—suddenly and in a rush. And now there appeared to be a boom in the book. He had sold fifty in the past fortnight and nearly a hundred in all. He had speculated, then, and bought heavily from his wholesaler. His windows were full of copies, there were piles of them on his counter, and there were bales of them in his basement. And he was selling the book at an agreeably profitable rate. But he did not pretend to understand why.

He looked up again and observed that the pretty girl was still there. He also observed that she had a copy of 'Thin Ice' under her arm and that she was standing close to a stout, middle-aged gentleman in grey flannel trousers and a loose tweed coat, who was fiddling about amongst the new novels. Mr. Berry came out into the shop. The middle-aged gentleman, who had a sandy moustache of what used to be known as the 'soup-strainer' variety, was buying a copy of 'Thin Ice.'

'I'll have two, I think'—the voice came huskily through the thick moustache. 'One to send to my nevvie, that's abroad.'

Was Mr. Berry dreaming, or did he, as he passed close behind the pretty girl, hear her murmur 'Cheating'? At all events the customer changed his mind.

'No,' he said. 'I'll only take one after all. I'll come back for another later on, perhaps.'

The pretty girl watched him go, then turned unexpectedly upon Mr. Berry.

'This is selling very well now, isn't it?' she asked, holding up her copy of 'Thin Ice' and beaming upon him.

Mr. Berry beamed back. She certainly was extremely pretty.

'Very well indeed,' he answered, and went on to offer intelligent comments upon its merits as a light novel. It was one of Mr. Berry's chief assets that he could produce the right sort of comment for any sort of person with regard to a book which he had merely skimmed.

'I'm so glad you think so highly of it,' said the girl. 'I know the author rather well. In fact . . . '—she lowered her voice to a confidential tone—'in fact, I'm engaged to him.'

Mr. Berry bowed courteously. 'Allow me to congratulate both of you,' he said. 'A very talented young man, if I may say so. And he has made his name now, with this book. He comes in here sometimes to see how I'm doing with it. But I haven't seen him lately.'

'Haven't you?' said Amber, who, as it so happened, saw him enter the shop at that moment. But she was able to recognise him only because she had seen him several times before wearing the goatee beard and the straw hat which went with his most rasping American accent. Mr. Berry, who had not this advantage, remained in ignorance, therefore, of the identity of the customer who was demanding a copy of 'that new volume of laugh-stuff by Edward Hassocks—"Hot Air," I believe it's called. Anyway, it seems I'm right out of things, not having read it.'

It was that hour in the morning when Mr. Berry was wont to go out for a cup of coffee. Excusing himself to Amber, he took his hat and followed his American customer out of the shop and across the Strand. The American walked up to a small saloon car which was parked in the space beside the Law Courts, opened one of the rear doors and climbed in. Mr. Berry passed on up the steps towards his coffee shop.

Ten minutes later he was on his way back again. The American's car was still there. Mr. Berry glanced inside it as he passed by, and to his amazement caught sight of what was apparently a youngish man with sleek dark hair in the very act of fitting a long white beard to his cheeks and chin. Mr. Berry, who had great self-control, gave no indication of his surprise and walked straight on. But when he reached the Strand he stopped, bought a newspaper, lit a cigarette and stood waiting at the corner in a position from which he could observe the car.

A few minutes afterwards the door of the car opened and an old, white-bearded gentleman stepped carefully on to the pavement. He was wearing a light overcoat, although the day was warm, and a broad-brimmed felt hat pulled well over his eyes, which were concealed behind large, tinted glasses. Leaning heavily upon a stick, he advanced slowly, with shaky steps and in-bent knees, towards Mr. Berry's corner. Mr. Berry held his ground. He almost held his breath, too, as the old gentleman passed him and proceeded to cross the Strand under the surveillance of a kindly-disposed policeman. Mr. Berry followed. The old gentleman, with Mr. Berry a yard or so behind him, entered the bookshop.

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Mr. Anselm Fitchew, of Basinghall Street, E.C., and Queen's Gate, S.W., had not been to the City that morning. A certain financial syndicate, with which he was at loggerheads, was attempt-

ing to thwart far-reaching schemes of his which had been maturing for some time. Mr. Fitchew, who never leapt before he looked, having planned a skilful counter-attack, had been taking counsel's opinion on the legality of what he was about to do. Hence his presence near the Temple in the middle of the morning: and hence, too, his good-humoured mood—for he had been assured by as learned an authority as could be found, that his position was unassailable, and that, in the event of an action at law, he would undoubtedly win.

The day being warm and sunny, he decided to walk a little of the way towards the City. He was strolling along, thinking how very pleasant his revenge upon that syndicate would be, when his eye was caught by the decorative effect of a bookshop window, which displayed, in patterns and in piles, innumerable copies of the same book. Mr. Fitchew then perceived that the title of the book was 'Thin Ice' and that its author was one Ernest Bassock. He also perceived a large sheet of white cardboard on which, in bold red letters, was stencilled the legend 'The Success of the Season.'

Mr. Fitchew blew loudly through his thick moustache, pushed open the door, and walked in. . . .

The old gentleman with the white beard had just completed his purchase.

'You can assure me that it's amusing?' he demanded in a high-pitched, quavering voice.

'Quite safely, sir,' answered the assistant.

'It's the book everyone is talking about,' said Mr. Berry, who was standing by. At which statement Mr. Fitchew gaped.

'I like to be made to laugh,' said the old man, fumbling with gloved fingers in a large pigskin purse. And as if to prove the fact he emitted a peculiar cackle which ended abruptly in a startlingly loud cough.

'It's about the only pleasure left to me at my age,' he added as, having handed over three half-crowns, he started to totter towards the door.

Mr. Berry moved forward as though to open it for him.

'But you're not so old as you look, I think,' he said.

'What the devil do you mean, sir?' demanded the old man truculently.

'Why, this!' answered Mr. Berry, and he whipped off his customer's hat with one hand and his beard with the other, revealing to the astounded Mr. Fitchew the features of the detestably

self-confident young man who had had the impertinence to engage Amber's affections.

'Bassock!' exclaimed Mr. Fitchew.

'Mr. Bassock!' echoed little Mr. Berry.

'Ernest!' said a voice behind them.

They spun round almost as sharply as soldiers on parade, at a word of command, to find Amber standing there.

'What are you doing here?' demanded Mr. Fitchew angrily.

'I came in to buy a copy of "Thin Ice,"' she answered, holding it up. 'Is that what you came for, too, father?'

Mr. Fitchew snorted, Ernest grinned unconcernedly, and Mr. Berry opened his mouth to put what was evidently to be a searching question. And then he caught Amber's glance—an angelic, appealing glance which melted his romantic heart.

'Perhaps you'll all step through into my office,' he suggested.

They followed him: Amber just behind him, then Ernest, swinging his beard nonchalantly on one finger and smiling pleasantly at the gaping assistants, and finally Mr. Fitchew, breathing heavily.

On the way down the narrow passage which led to his sanctum behind the shop Mr. Berry felt a small hand placed upon his arm and heard a musical voice whisper in his ear:

'Say it was for a bet. Say you betted him that he couldn't buy his own book in your shop without your knowing.'

The small hand squeezed Mr. Berry's arm, the charming voice whispered imploringly 'Will you?'

'Certainly!' muttered Mr. Berry, eager to help beauty in distress.

And right gallantly did he play his part.

'I thought you posed as an author, sir,' began Mr. Fitchew pompously, addressing himself to Ernest and rudely ignoring Mr. Berry—'not as a mountebank.'

But Mr. Berry would not allow himself to be ignored. He interrupted.

'Allow me to explain,' he said at once. And in spite of Mr. Fitchew's impatient gesture he proceeded forthwith to explain at considerable length and with a wealth of plausible detail.

He wagged his forefinger roguishly at Ernest.

'But you didn't take me in all the same,' he said. 'And I'll trouble you for the fifty free copies of "Thin Ice" that I was to get if I spotted you,' he added as an artistic, convincing—and profitable—touch.

'Childish—that's the only word for it,' commented Mr. Fitchew. He rose. 'However, it's no affair of mine. My time is valuable, if no one else's is.' He turned to Ernest. 'No wonder you aren't much of a success as an author,' he said, 'if you spend your time playing the fool.'

'Oh, but he is a success, father!' broke in Amber. 'He's sold over ten thousand copies of "Thin Ice" in less than three months. And that's pretty good going, you know.'

Was it by chance or was it by design that Amber's left hand was extended towards her father as she made this announcement? At all events, upon the third finger of that hand diamonds glittered.

Mr. Fitchew abruptly sat down again.

'I don't believe it,' he said.

But in the end he was obliged to believe it. Ernest produced undeniable proof in the shape of a sales certificate signed by Henry Hickett and countersigned by a chartered accountant. He produced, in addition, letters from four other publishers suggesting lucrative terms for his next book; letters from editors of magazines informing him that they had 'openings' for his work; letters from editors of newspapers asking him for contributions.

'You're in clover, Mr. Bassock,' said Mr. Berry, whose presence they had almost forgotten.

'I'm dreadfully afraid,' remarked Ernest, 'that I shall have to do some work soon. But in the meantime I'm pushing out all my old stuff. And they're positively scrambling for it! A story of mine—a rotten story, too—that I've been touting round for two years and couldn't get a tenner for, has just been snapped up for seventy-five pounds. And my agent tells me I ought to get at least double that for it in America. Absurd, isn't it?'

'Remarkable!' The statement came with reluctant admiration from Mr. Fitchew. He rose.

'Young man,' he said pompously, 'I don't pretend to understand how you've done it, but you've certainly succeeded. We made a bargain about that—and I'm a man of my word. I wish you both happiness.'

'You're a dear!' cried Amber, and kissed him. 'And so are you!' she added unexpectedly to Mr. Berry, and kissed him too—to her father's astonishment, to Mr. Berry's great gratification, and to the accompaniment of a hearty 'Hear, hear!' from Ernest.

'And now,' said Mr. Fitchew, 'we've taken up enough of this gentleman's time, I think. What about lunch?'

'Which the wealthy Ernest shall stand us,' suggested Amber. 'And Mr. Berry must come, too.'

But Mr. Berry regretted that he already had an engagement.

'I think,' said Ernest, 'that I'd better make my exit in character.' And very coolly he proceeded to readjust his long white beard and to replace his amazing hat.

'I'm eighty as near as dammit, but I've got my health and strength still, thank God!' he said in the high-pitched, quavering voice which was so marvellously like that of an old man.

At which even Mr. Fitchew laughed—a most unusual occurrence.

At the door of the shop Ernest turned and extended a shaky, gloved hand to the proprietor.

'Good day to you, sir,' he said. 'And I'm very much obliged to ye for your courtesy to an old man.' He dropped his voice and added in a natural tone: 'Stout fella! I'll tell you all about it some day.'

Which, indeed, he did—and convulsed little Mr. Berry in the telling of it. But Mr. Fitchew, who elected to treble his daughter's allowance on her marriage to the most successful humorous writer of the day—Mr. Fitchew never knew how that success had been achieved.

TWO LEADERS—NEWMAN AND CARLYLE.

BY HENRY TRISTRAM

(OF THE BIRMINGHAM ORATORY).

IN the summer of 1820 John Henry Newman, then a Scholar of Trinity, was reading Aeschylus with great attention, since his final examination was at hand, and he had set his heart on redeeming, as far as a single individual could, the credit of his college. The copy of Schütz's Aeschylus which he used, with innumerable pencilled annotations in his handwriting, is still preserved among his books; on the fly-leaf he has written his name and the date when he acquired it—August 1820. Towards the end of the 'Eumenides' he came upon the passage¹ where the Furies are given a title which, at first sight, seems to mean 'Night's childless children.' This was, in fact, the interpretation put upon it by Schütz, but Wakefield had previously translated it as 'Night's aged children,' and Newman in the margin expressed his preference for the latter interpretation.

Some fifty or so years afterwards, in January 1876, there appeared in the pages of the *Athenaeum* a short poem, made up of two sonnets, which bore the title 'Two Leaders.' Its author was Algernon Charles Swinburne, who republished it two years later in the second series of his 'Poems and Ballads.' For his text, if one may use the word of a poem, he had taken this very passage of Aeschylus, and, indifferent to the quarrels of commentators, he had adopted the interpretation that Newman had rejected. He could not have done otherwise, or the poem would have lost its point; its whole meaning lies in the fact that the two leaders whom he celebrates were to him 'Night's childless children,' offspring of an age when men feebly groped their way by the dim light of the stars, doomed themselves to remain without spiritual issue in an age when the gloom of night has given place to the full radiance of day. We may presume that the identity of the two leaders was sufficiently obvious to contemporaries; but of Swinburne's readers

¹ Ll. 1032-34 (Dindorf):

'With loyalty we lead you, proudly go,
Night's childless children, to your home below.'

The House of Atreus, Golden Treasury Series, p. 182.

to-day how many could at once and without hesitation say who they were? The poet himself did not think it incumbent on him to explain. Probably he felt that his descriptions were too clear to need elucidation.

‘O great and wise, clear-souled and high of heart,
 One the last flower of Catholic love that grows
 Amid bare thorns their only thornless rose,
 From the fierce juggling of the priests’ loud mart
 Yet alien, yet unspotted and apart
 From the blind, hard foul rout whose shameless shows
 Mock the sweet heaven whose secret no man knows
 With prayers and curses and the soothsayers’ art;
 One like a storm-god of the northern foam
 Strong, wrought of rock that breasts and breaks the sea
 And thunders back its thunder, rhyme for rhyme
 Answering, as though to outroar the tides of time
 And bid the world’s wave back.’

Perhaps the great contrast between ‘the last flower of Catholic love’ and ‘the storm-god of the northern foam’ may lead the reader versed in the history and literature of the Victorian era, and remembering Froude’s statement that ‘two writers have affected powerfully the present generation of Englishmen, Newman is one, Thomas Carlyle is the other,’¹ to venture on the suggestion that they were the two intended by Swinburne. A happy conjecture, and correct! Swinburne himself confirms it. Before the publication of the poem he wrote to notify his friend, Edmund Gosse, of its forthcoming appearance: ‘I hope you will like (what I think you have not seen or heard) my little poem in two sonnets on Newman and Carlyle (as you will, of course, at once perceive, though no names are mentioned) in the next *Athenaeum*.’ Then he proceeds to justify the attitude he had adopted towards them: ‘Childless they certainly are: for the Church or the God of the Past is not likely ever again to enlist such a recruit as Newman, and any possible heir to the theories would assuredly not be heir to the genius of Carlyle.’² But this is merely begging the question. His justification, if analysed, amounts to this, that a leader must be deemed ‘childless’ unless he attracts followers whose genius is commensurate with his own. Let us apply Swinburne’s test to the great heroes of history, and how many shall we find who satisfy

¹ *Short Studies*, iv. 272.

² *The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne*, i. 250–251.

it? Genius implies originality; but discipleship involves imitation, and imitation, though it may not be slavish, acts as a brake upon originality. A man's children in the spiritual, as in the natural, order remain his children, though they be lesser men than their sire; and although in a sense genius is a closed circle which begins and ends in itself, yet it may, with a certain propriety, be compared to a pebble dropped in still water, which gives birth to ever-widening circles, clearly outlined at first, but growing fainter as they recede from the centre, until they can be no longer discerned. The world has grown older by fifty years since Swinburne wrote, and from this distant vantage-point we can survey more or less dispassionately the outstanding figures of the Victorian era. The verdict of time is never final, for the future sometimes reverses, always revises, the judgments of the past; both of Newman and of Carlyle we are in a better position to judge than were their contemporaries, who saw in their names the watchwords of contending schools of thought. The controversies belong to the past, but the works which sprang from these controversies are the possession of the ages; and in the calm that has succeeded the storms in which their lives were lived, we can contemplate the two men with greater detachment, and weigh with nicer balance their claims upon our regard.

That Carlyle was possessed of genius is undisputed; but Newman is in a less happy plight. Did not Carlyle himself somewhat offensively say that Newman had 'not the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit'?¹ However, as Mr. Birrell remarks about the vehemence of Carlyle's language in general, 'all allowances made, it is a thousand pities,'² that he did so. It is, indeed, a thousand pities, not so much because it brands Newman as because it reveals Carlyle. The sole criterion of intellect, he maintained, was the attainment of truth, and if a man used his intellectual powers to go ingeniously wrong, he stood self-condemned. But who was to be the arbiter of the truth? Thomas Carlyle! Such was his narrowness of outlook, so limited was his vision, that he was utterly incapable of entering into, or sympathising with, minds made on a different pattern from his own. The truth according to Carlyle was the only truth. If truth is one and falsehoods many, every man may, or ought to, believe that the truth, as he sees it, is the truth; but with Carlyle a man had to be his intellectual twin, to

¹ *Thomas Carlyle's Life in London*, ii. 247.

² *Obiter Dicta*: 'Carlyle.'

see eye to eye with him in all things, or he was nothing, a thing of scorn, an object of aversion and even vituperation. His verdict on Newman does not derive its importance from the fact that Carlyle delivered it, but from the fact that it is cherished and repeated by lesser men; and every repetition of an untruth is taken as a corroboration.

Many circumstances, it may be admitted, tend to deprive Newman of the recognition that is his due; indeed the clouds of prejudice that once shrouded his name have not yet wholly been dispelled; and critics unconsciously yield to the temptation to disparage him, because they are out of sympathy with the views he maintained. A survey of what, for short, may be called Newman-literature—no inconsiderable task—proves that he has largely been described in negatives—he was not this or that or the other—until one is tempted to ask what he was, and why the fascination he so manifestly exerts still endures in the face of so much criticism. At the very outset there is a stone of stumbling: most of the themes he treated border on the realm of theology, even if they do not actually trespass upon it; and theology, at least in the old-fashioned sense, has lost its former popularity. But it must be confessed, he was himself the worst enemy of his own posthumous fame. He could not, or would not, tread the specialist's narrow round. There were the makings of a poet in him, so Swinburne and others have said, but he sacrificed his art to his vocation. Therein, in fact, lies the explanation of his apparent desultoriness. He had one grand object in life, and to the accomplishment of that object he consecrated all his powers. Of Carlyle Mr. Birrell says truly enough that 'he was a maker of books, and he was nothing else.' But of Newman can this be said? His literary legacy is as large, perhaps larger. It is certainly more diversified, for nothing seems to have come amiss to his pen—poetry, literature, theology, philosophy, history, education. He is of all writers the most catholic, the least circumscribed. But men fall roughly into two classes, men of action and men of thought. Carlyle admired men of action, men who did things, but he was a man of thought, who never attempted to achieve anything save through his pen. Can Newman be placed in the same category? At first sight, perhaps, yes, but further consideration will lead to a revision of that judgment. Newman, it will appear, was essentially a man of action, whose pen through force of circumstances proved to be the weapon he could wield best, and through which he could achieve most. Of

him hardly can it be said that 'he was a writer of books, and he was nothing else.' A writer of books he was, a writer of many books; but he was something else first. He is at great pains to explain that his works were not the spontaneous productions of his pen, but forced from him, growing 'for the most part out of the duties which lay upon him, or out of the circumstances of the moment.' He was a man of action, who became a writer of books because the times so ordained. But let this not be understood to his disparagement. It is not for us to adjust the balance between men of action and men of thought, between the Napoleons and Hegels of this world; but this peculiarity of Newman's temperament must be grasped, if we are really to comprehend his position in the world of letters. Literature seems to have been to him, not an end in itself, but merely a means to an end; and the end he proposed for his attainment dictated the subject, and determined the form, of all he wrote.

But he brought a first-rate intellect to bear upon the task he set himself. It was Dr. Whately—so the 'Apologia' informs us—who first opened his mind, and taught him to think and to use his reason. In these circumstances Whately's opinion of his young associate's capacity is worthy of consideration, and fortunately it has been preserved. Once in the Oriel Common Room the conversation turned on the child's story of the three wishes, and Whately somewhat pathetically remarked: 'If I had three wishes, they would all be for a mind like Newman's.'¹

In the light of after events it is interesting to find that Whately ascribed Newman's gradual estrangement to his ambition to make himself the head of a party. So completely unconscious of this desire was Newman that he felt the charge to be undeserved. But Newman's blindness to his own potentialities, his apparent failure to appreciate the inevitable outcome of his intellectual development, involves those who would understand him in a subtle psychological problem. There is a mass of concordant evidence which goes to show that his insight into the workings of the human heart was almost without parallel, that his power to enter into, realise, and express the difficulties and temptations of others, to appropriate, as it were, their minds, almost surpassed belief. Froude testifies to the fact, and he is but one witness among many. 'I believe,' he wrote in the 'Nemesis of Faith,'² 'no young man ever heard him

¹ *Recollections of Dean Boyle*, p. 90.

² Routledge's edition, p. 94.

preach without fancying that someone had been betraying his own history, and the sermon was aimed specially at him.' But it may well be doubted whether he could read his own heart as he could read the hearts of others, or whether he knew himself as he knew them. In his own estimate he was the shy recluse, reserved in general society, awkward and uneasy in company, shrinking from publicity, amazed at the interest he aroused. But could any character-reading be more untrue to fact? His intimates took another, and a juster, view. They saw in him a man born for command, destined to leadership, forced to the front, not by default, but because in his presence the pretensions of others dwindled into insignificance. There were gifted men in the Movement, men of intellect, men of unique capacity, but he overshadowed them all, and his pre-eminence remained unchallenged. 'Compared with him,' wrote Froude¹ in a graphic sentence that crystallises the truth, 'they were all but as ciphers, and he the indicating number.'

Whatever else Newman may have been, he was certainly a Heaven-sent leader of men. He had the magnetic gifts, the charm, the power of inspiration that rally men to a standard and keep them loyal to a cause. But he never sought to rule, for he envisaged the Movement as a spontaneous outburst, whose inspiration was from above; and his main endeavour was, not to control his followers, but to supply himself and them with the theoretical grounds on which both he and they might take their stand. The position that came to him came undesired and unsought. And it proved rather a hindrance than a help to him: he was forced to lead others, and at the same time he had to satisfy his own scrupulous conscience that the cause he advocated was a just cause. However, the decade from 1833 to 1843 witnessed a phenomenon which is without parallel in the history of Oxford: it saw the rise to power and the voluntary abdication of the 'great enchanter,' as so unsympathetic a writer as Lord Morley called Newman, 'the leader who had wielded a magician's power at Oxford.' W. G. Ward, 'most generous of all Ultramontaness,' as Tennyson described him, used to ask the question: 'Was there ever in history anything like Newman's power over us at Oxford?' Dean Lake answered the question for Oxford, when he wrote that his influence has had no parallel there before or since; and Mr. Gladstone once said that the only parallel to be found in history was Abelard's power at Paris in the twelfth century. These

¹ *Short Studies*, iv. 270.

statements may be thought to savour of exaggeration, but a cloud of witnesses may be adduced to substantiate and corroborate them. Oxford during that decade was singularly rich in men who afterwards rose to eminence in the world ; and almost without exception, whatever their sympathies, they testify to Newman's unique influence.

In Matthew Arnold's opinion Newman embodied the lost enchantments of the Middle Age that Oxford whispered from her towers to a generation that was forgetting the past. The Movement broke on the rock of middle-class Liberalism ; Newman disappeared from the scene, and with him the enchantments vanished. Mark Pattison saw in the defeat of the Movement the conclusion of an epoch : ' The sensation to us '—he writes in his *'Memoirs'*—' was as of a sudden end of all things, and without a new beginning.'¹ But the memory of a University is notoriously short ; from each generation of undergraduates some few remain to become permanent residents, but the vast majority seek other fields of endeavour. Fresh interests develop to supersede the old, and the leaders of a previous generation disappear, as if they had never been. But what of those who had come under Newman's influence, who had walked with him some part of the road, but had left him at the parting of the ways ? Did they remain where they were, or did they find another guide ? The answer to this question reveals an almost forgotten page of literary history.

In his *American Discourse on Emerson*, Matthew Arnold, lingering on the influences that went to mould his youth, mentions that besides Newman's voice there sounded ' the puissant voice of Carlyle ; so sorely strained, over-used, and mis-used since, but then fresh, comparatively sound, and reaching our hearts with true, pathetic eloquence.'² Carlyle, in fact, was Newman's rival, and many of the latter's more intellectual disciples, in the reaction from the final phase of the Movement, transferred their allegiance to him. To us who look back over the years such a change appears startling, almost revolutionary ; but we must remember that we have before our mind's eye pictures of the later Newman and of the later Carlyle—the Roman Cardinal and the social iconoclast. Carlyle had not then revealed himself to the world in his full stature, and none could guess what lava-torrents of disruptive thought glowed in his fiery bosom. For, sundered as the poles in most of the deeper things of life, the two men were at one in

¹ *Memoirs*, p. 235.

² Pp. 142-3.

their opposition to a common foe. Both fought, with all the resources at their command, the Liberalism of their day, which had allied itself with Benthamism and proclaimed the omnipotence of rational enlightenment. 'We have forgotten God,' was the burden of Carlyle's cry; was it not Newman's also? Both saw that salvation lay not in the 'march of mind,' and both realised that social evils could never be redressed by popular education. Both had the same end in view; Newman's teaching was a spiritual antiseptic applied to the wounds of the individual; Carlyle's gospel was a caustic rubbed into the proud flesh of the body politic. Carlyle's best and most prominent work had been already done, and what was yet to come during the long years that lay before him, only struck again and again with monotonous insistence the harsher and more strident notes of his earlier writings.

To-day Carlyle is remembered chiefly as the historian of the French Revolution—the most unique book of the nineteenth century. It was as the author of the 'French Revolution' that he first burst upon Oxford, and initiated a new current of thought. That in itself was significant. The two Universities were the closest of close corporations; generation after generation, they leavened the life of the country, and supplied it with the masters of its activities, but they held themselves aloof and apart, resentful of alien influences, almost unperturbed by the insurgent forces that were remoulding society and creating a new England. Carlyle was an alien of aliens, a stranger without the gates. His previous works had been ignored, but the 'French Revolution' could not be thus cavalierly treated. It was not a comforting and reassuring work, but it could not fail to arouse interest and focus attention. The Revolution of which he wrote was then a comparatively recent event, still more recent the European convulsions to which it gave birth; the older men remembered, and the younger men had inherited their memories. Now, as a bolt from the blue, came an individualistic reading of that overwhelming tragedy, interpreted as an episode in God's providential workings in and through the history of the world. As a study of the anarchic forces that lie hidden beneath the tranquil surface of society and work untold havoc when they find an outlet, the 'French Revolution' was opportune in its appearance, for serious symptoms of instability were showing themselves even in England. It told a tale, and pointed a moral; and no one who read the book could rise from its perusal with the same feeling of security as before.

Newman was then at the height of his power in Oxford, confident for the moment, but only for the moment, of his own position and, to all appearance, secure in the devoted loyalty of his followers, without regret for the past and without fear for the future. He read the 'French Revolution' early in 1839, and at once drew his sister's attention to it as 'a queer, tiresome, obscure, profound, and original work.'¹ In his diary he jotted down his impressions, but, if we may judge from them, he seemed scarcely to have been alive to the significance of the book. Thomas Mozley wished him to review it for the *British Critic*, but he met with a peremptory refusal. Perhaps the little book on Chartism which appeared in 1839 had made Newman feel that Carlyle was an uncertain problem to be tackled offhand by a reviewer; comparatively innocuous as an interpreter of the past, he would have to be treated with circumspection as an intruder on the living present. But certainly he felt the fascination to which several of his disciples were to succumb. 'A man of first-rate ability, I suppose,' he wrote a year later to his sister, 'and quite fascinating as a writer. His book on the French Revolution is most taking (to me). I had hoped he might have come round right, for it was easy to see he was not a believer.'²

The discovery of the 'French Revolution' led to the revelation that its author, far from being a fresh denizen of the literary firmament, had for many a year shone fitfully in a sky clouded with prejudice and suspicion. Carlyle's earlier works began to find readers. The paradox of the situation lay in the fact that, at the time when Carlyle had begun to speak for himself, he became the channel through which German thought made its way into this country. Behind the earlier Carlyle stood the gigantic figure of Goethe, not the sage of Weimar, as he was in life, but a de-hellenised, almost dehumanised, heroic figure. Carlyle was by nature incapable of entering into the spirit of the real Goethe, even of appreciating the severe classicism, the Greek balance and poise, after which he strove. His real affinity lay with the German romantics, whose moral and religious teaching he sought to express in his dithyrambs and denunciations—whether wisely or not, need not be here discussed: the important point is that, though he by no means stood alone, he helped to reveal an unknown literature to an appreciative public, and introduced into the stagnating pools of English thought a new and fertile current.

¹ *Letters and Correspondence*, ii. 281.

² *Ibid.*, ii. 300.

Once a connexion had been made, the points of contact became more and more frequent, and the leaven of German philosophy began to ferment in Oxford intellectual circles. Kant, and subsequently Hegel, began to supersede Locke and the English empiricists; and, in general, German scholarship proved its vitality by striking root in an alien soil. Of this intellectual revolution Arthur Hugh Clough may be taken as a typical representative. Arnold's model pupil at Rugby, he had been caught up in the stream of the Movement in Oxford, and emerged stripped of his faith, almost more sceptical than it is possible to be. The subdued agony of his separation from the rough-rider of the Movement, W. G. Ward, once his closest friend, colours his poignant poem, 'Qua cursum ventus.' Of him we read that in 1847 he was described to Mr. Gladstone as

'a very favourable specimen of a class, growing in importance and numbers among the younger Oxford men, a friend of Carlyle's, Frank Newman's and others of that stamp; well read in German literature and an admirer of German intellect . . . just now taking all his opinions to pieces and not beginning to put them together again.'¹

Thus early had German thought begun to act as a solvent of traditional beliefs. This is what gives point to Stanley's remark, to which Mark Pattison,² also a disillusioned Newmanite, subscribed: 'How different the fortunes of the Church of England might have been if Newman had been able to read German.'

Clough is a typical example of this *descensus averni*. Froude, the historian, is another. If we are able to take his naïve confession at its face value, the opposition between Newman and Carlyle taught him that there were two sides, perhaps more, to every question, and made him realise the obligation of examining both. He forsook Newman, and followed Carlyle, sincerely, no doubt, but perhaps a little affectedly. Clough and Froude stand for many more whose names are not equally known to fame. 'Of Carlyle I need say the less,' writes Thomas Arnold, 'because his weighty realistic thoughts—his rejection of shams and hypocrisies—were by that time leavening all the earnest natures in the three kingdoms.'³ But the Carlyle whose gospel they accepted was no longer the historian of the past, but the critic of the present, who

¹ Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, p. 329.

² *Memoirs*, p. 209.

³ Passages in *A Wandering Life*, p. 151. Not a Newmanite at Oxford, Thomas Arnold came under Newman's influence later.

never raised his voice except in denunciation. Criticism is the disinfectant of social life, and the critic has a necessary mission to fulfil—necessary, but not altogether admirable. It is not difficult to expose the fallacies lurking in men's minds, to undermine their cherished beliefs, to display the sophistries on which established institutions and long-standing abuses rest. The reformer may stand unmoved amid a crumbling universe, but can his airy negatives give form or substance to his optimistic vision of glorious things to be? Construction is so much harder than destruction, that he may well pause, and count the cost—the cost to be paid by others, if not by himself.

To pull to pieces what men have laboriously built up through the long centuries is not an arduous task; but to put the pieces together again—there lies the crux. Carlyle, we are told by a critic of his own generation,

'despised all the more positive political and philanthropic tendencies of his time; felt little interest in scientific discoveries; concerned himself not at all about its art; scorned its economical teaching; and rejected the modern religious instructors with even more emphatic contumely than the "dreary professors of a dismal science." To Carlyle the world was out of joint.'¹

His attitude towards the scientific movement was characteristic of his attitude generally towards all the other movements. The scientists, on the mechanistic hypothesis, were rapidly extending the horizons of human knowledge; Carlyle, not realising, even incapable of realising that, with the increase of knowledge, this hypothesis would probably be revised, and perhaps abandoned, denounced them, because the mechanistic hypothesis favoured materialism, and *ex hypothesi* ignored the spiritual forces he proclaimed. Granted 'the great deep sacred infinitude of Nescience . . . on which all science swims as a mere superficial film,' what profits it to heap scorn upon those who seek, with the only means at their command, to plumb the depths? Carlyle found himself isolated in the backwaters of thought; the stream flowed on and left him. He had no part or lot in the future; he ceased to represent the outlook of those who, looking critically upon the forms of the past, sought to remodel them. He preached his gospel in the wilderness; and the tragedy of it is that it was a wilderness of his own making. He became, through his own idiosyncrasy, the intellectual Ishmael of his generation.

¹ R. M. Hutton, *Modern Guides of English Thought*, pp. 2-3.

Thus it was that Carlyle failed. 'He has contradicted the floating paganism, but he has not founded the deep religion,' wrote Bagehot.¹ He took one step in the right direction, but the second he could not take. He had nothing to substitute for the faith, or the faiths, he so ruthlessly swept away. In her own spiritual and intellectual development Mrs. Carlyle illustrates sadly, but effectively, the last end of those who took him for their prophet and their guide.

'She had accepted,' says Froude of her, 'the destructive part of his opinions like so many others, but he had failed to satisfy her that he knew where positive truth lay. He had taken from her, as she mournfully said, the creed in which she had been bred, but he had been unable to put anything in the place of it. She believed nothing. On the spiritual side of things her mind was a perfect blank, she looked into her own heart and into the world beyond her, and it was all void and desert; there was no word of consolation, no word of hope.'²

Here we have expressed the very nadir of unqualified pessimism. Carlyle himself in a spiritual experience of early manhood resolved the 'everlasting No' into the 'everlasting Yea'; but it is doubtful how far the 'everlasting Yea' remained master of the field, and if it did, whether it counted for so very much. His pessimism was contagious; his optimism, for what it was, remained his own inalienable and incommunicable possession. Negations do not supply the raw materials of optimism; and the positive contents of his creed provide but a meagre fare to satisfy the soul's hunger. He rang the changes on a few well-worn and fusty shibboleths; he preached the dignity of labour, the necessity of righteousness, the hatred of shams, and the love of truth; and he proclaimed the ultimate triumph of right. He was a witness to the spiritual aspect of life in a generation that worshipped material success; he acted as a social tonic, an intellectual stimulant, in an age somewhat weary of lofty ideals and spell-bound by the rapid advances of science. But when he had braced the moral fibres and given tone to the moral system of those to whom his words were as pure gold, he could not direct their energies to any end that was worth the cost it involved. His appeal was rather to the disillusioned, who had lost faith in the destiny of man and found a cynical delight in his scorn and vituperation. 'The meaning of duty and the

¹ *Literary Studies* (Everyman Edition), ii. 307.

² *My Relations with Carlyle*, pp. 7-8.

overpowering obligation to do it,' is magnificent enough as a battle-cry, but in the heat of the conflict men may well ask why. Carlyle's answer to this question was too nebulous to inspire. He felt the mystery of life, but he made no attempt at the solution. He spoke much of 'endless Times and Eternities,' but in general he confined his gaze to the flat horizons of the life which passes, without much regard for the eternity that abides. But even within these restricted limits he had little to offer. The salvation of society could come only through the advent of the strong man, the hero as king. But that advent no human ingenuity can assure. The salvation of the individual comes through work, work that is its own reward.

'Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly over; and the night cometh, wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness—it is all abolished; vanished; clean gone; a thing that has been. . . . But our work,—behold, that is not abolished, that has not vanished; our work, behold it remains, or the want of it remains;—for endless Times and Eternities remains; and that is now the sole question with us for evermore!' ¹

The gospel according to Carlyle resolves itself into a counsel of despair. The union of a lofty idealism with a profound pessimism is in itself a confession of failure, an admission that the idealism will not work. Carlyle preached long and loudly, but no words of his could conceal the void in his own heart, a void only to be filled by the conviction that mankind has a destiny and that, in spite of appearances, it is advancing towards it. The half-hearted assurance that somehow good will be the final goal of ill is but cold comfort to those upon whom the ill weighs heavily. They instinctively seek their spiritual sustenance elsewhere, since men cannot live by negations, nor can they gird their souls with faint hopes and unsubstantial aspirations. The prophet of one generation is seldom the prophet of the next. The tide of life sweeps past him and leaves him marooned on the desolate island in its wake. Action and reaction is the principle upon which reputations depend, and in Carlyle's case the reaction was great. 'It is not always pleasant,' wrote Matthew Arnold in the interval between Carlyle's death and his own, 'to ask oneself questions about friends of one's youth; they cannot always well support it. Carlyle for instance, in my judgment, cannot well support a return upon him.' ² Time has

¹ *Past and Present*, chap. iv.

² *Discourses in America*, p. 148.

but confirmed that verdict. Carlyle himself had an instinctive consciousness that it was so. 'They call me a great man now,' he pathetically remarked to Froude, 'but not one believes what I have told them.' His greatest legacy to the future is the force of an example—the example of a man who denounced the wrong because he felt it wrong, and maintained the right because he felt it right, although he made himself the measure of what was right and of what was wrong. His protest was necessary, and, as far as it went, effective; but his positive teaching fell almost still-born from his lips. The world preferred his jeremiads to his creeds. It may be, as Froude believed, that 'a hundred years hence there will be no more interesting figure in literature than Carlyle'; certainly his is the most original personality of the century; but as a theorist, as a thinker, as a teacher, he died without heirs, and the genealogist of thought may not unjustly inscribe *sine prole* after his name.

But in the meantime how fares it with his fellow-protagonist—Newman—who in a different sphere and with other weapons fought the same intellectual spectres, but proved himself a far more chivalrous combatant? Has his light also gone out in darkness? Matthew Arnold in the same discourse in which he dismissed Carlyle dismissed Newman too. 'He has adopted,' he said, 'for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible.' That is as it may be; Arnold no doubt thought so, but others have thought, and still think, differently. In these latter years, so much may be conceded to Swinburne, that the Church has not enlisted such a recruit as Newman; but of her converts from the educated classes in English-speaking countries practically all, it has been said, adopt that 'impossible solution' in conscious or unconscious imitation of him. Nor has his influence been confined within those limits. Years ago France yielded to the spell, and in this disillusioned post-war generation, when Germany is building anew on the ruins of the past, her younger men have taken him for their prophet and their guide. If his influence can be gauged by the number and quality of those who admit their obligations to him, and seek to adapt his principles to modern conditions of life, the conclusion is inescapable that he remains one of the vital intellectual forces in the world to-day. To this fact even the number of his critics bears indirect testimony.

But Newman, it may be urged, was a controversialist, and may best be left undisturbed in that limbo, where such doughty

champions renew, in the calm of retrospect, their ancient battles. Controversial literature, ephemeral in its origin and transient in its appeal, has no claims to remembrance when time has decided the issues, and the ghosts of the past are laid to rest for ever. That Newman was a controversialist of genius there can be no doubt, acute, subtle, bold, fascinating, a past-master of the gentle art that silences, if it does not captivate, opponents: and much of his writing was born of controversy. In these works his urbane irony never ceases to amuse and charm. But what claim have they to a permanent niche in literature? There are disputants and disputants; some enjoy a momentary triumph, while others live for ever. Burke, for example, is widely read to-day, not because we are interested in the matters with which he dealt, but because he brought to bear on them a philosophical wisdom which has its truth for all ages. What is only temporary, is made the scaffolding of abiding principles, and what is only accidental, is employed to illustrate enduring truths. Similarly with Newman: no man of insight can dismiss his controversial writings on the ground that the questions of which he treated have changed their faces, because, like Burke, he contemplated them *sub specie aeternitatis*, and what he says can never grow old.

But taking his work as a whole, what can it be said that Newman stands for to-day? For much, for very much; but only one point can be touched on here. We may leave out of account the religious and spiritual side of his nature, and we shall find in him the cultured and exquisite humanist—'never to be named by any son of Oxford without sympathy, a man who alone in Oxford of his generation, alone of many generations, conveyed to us in his genius that same charm, that same ineffable sentiment which this exquisite place itself conveys'¹—whose attitude towards the imperishable monuments of human genius the world cannot spurn without incalculable loss. Oxford, giving him of her best, fed his soul on the treasures of the past; exiled from her for conscience' sake, he found a home in the Catholic Church, which, regarded as a human society, is the heir of the ages, the solitary line of communication between the ancient and the modern world, the channel through which has flowed down the centuries the culture that flowers in the civilisation of to-day. Newman inherited the classical tradition, and treasured it with exceeding care. That tradition is not a fetish of the schools, but the necessary foundation for the life of the intellect. The

¹ *Essays in Criticism*, First Series, p. 60.

individual may add his mite to the wisdom of the ages, but if he breaks with the past, he has no future. Through the centuries the classical tradition flows majestically; the little rills that abandon the parent stream are swallowed up in the sands of time.

This is the truth for which Newman stood, and stands to-day. The test of education lies not in what a man knows, but in what he is. First he must be formed in the right mould that, equipped with the wisdom of the past, he may adopt the right attitude towards the problems of the present, and be in a position to face without flinching the advancing tide of human knowledge. This principle is the key-note of what is perhaps his most notable book, 'The Idea of a University,' which Walter Pater described as an example of 'the perfect handling of a theory,' and which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in a lecture at Cambridge declared to be 'so wise—so eminently wise—as to deserve being bound by the young student of literature for a frontlet on his brow and a talisman on his writing-wrist.'

In truth, much may be learned from Newman by those who care to explore his works, much in many branches of knowledge; but something may be acquired from him more precious even than knowledge itself. Newman has bequeathed to us the right attitude of mind towards the vital issues of life and literature. Readers go, and will go, to him, not so much for the dry bones of knowledge, but for the living spirit which makes the dry bones live—a spirit tenacious of the past, alive to the needs of the present, and sensitive to the hidden forces that are moulding the future. In renouncing Oxford he renounced the hope of his life, but through that renunciation he entered into a larger world. In that world his name has become synonymous with intellectual discipline and culture; and his inspiration, defying the limits of race, language, and religion, quickens to life aspirations after the things of the spirit that, but for him, might have remained for ever dormant.

LITERARY ACROSTICS.

THE sixteenth series of Literary Acrostics begins with No. 61, printed below, and will run for four months. Prizes to the value of at least £3 will be awarded to the most successful solvers. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number: the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is first opened.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 61.

(The First of the Series.)

'Better fifty years of —— than a cycle of ——.'

1. 'The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,
——, chemic laws, and all the rest.'
2. 'That —— isle, where the water is clearer than air.'
3. 'Live pure, speak true, —— wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?'
4. 'Heaven heads the count of crimes
With that wild ——.'
5. 'Warrior of God, whose strong right arm debased
The throne of ——.'
6. 'There the river —— whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward.'

All these quotations are taken from Tennyson's Poems.

RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed on page x of 'Book Notes' in the preliminary pages of this issue.

4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address must also be given, and should be written at the back.

5. Solvers must on no account write either the quotations or the references on the same paper as their answers. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to send them at all.

6. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.

7. Answers to Acrostic No. 61 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than September 20.

ANSWER TO No. 60.

1. R	uni	C
2. O	verd	O
3. S	lippe	R
4. A	dwise	D
5. L	ysidic	E
6. I	mpartia	L
7. N	icolin	I
8. D	eli	A

PROEM: Shakespeare, *As You Like It*,
iii. 2; *King Lear* v. 3.

LIGHTS:

1. Poe, *The Bells*.
2. Swift, *Journal to Stella*, Letter 13.
January 4, 1710-11.
3. Tennyson, *Geraint and Enid*.
4. Bacon, *Essays. Of Judicature*.
5. Gosse, *On Viol and Flute. The Sisters*.
6. Lytton, *The New Timon*, iv. 2.
7. Thackeray, *Esmond*, Book 2, ch. 15.
8. Southey, *Love Elegies of Abel Shuffelbottom*, ii.

Acrostic No. 59 ('Caverns Forests'), taken entirely from Shelley, was fairly easy; of the 117 answers sent in, 94 were quite correct, and thirteen others were wrong in only one light.

The monthly prize is won by 'Ambarrow,' whose answer was the first correct one opened. Mrs. Harvey, Ambarrow, Sandhurst, Berks, will choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue.

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